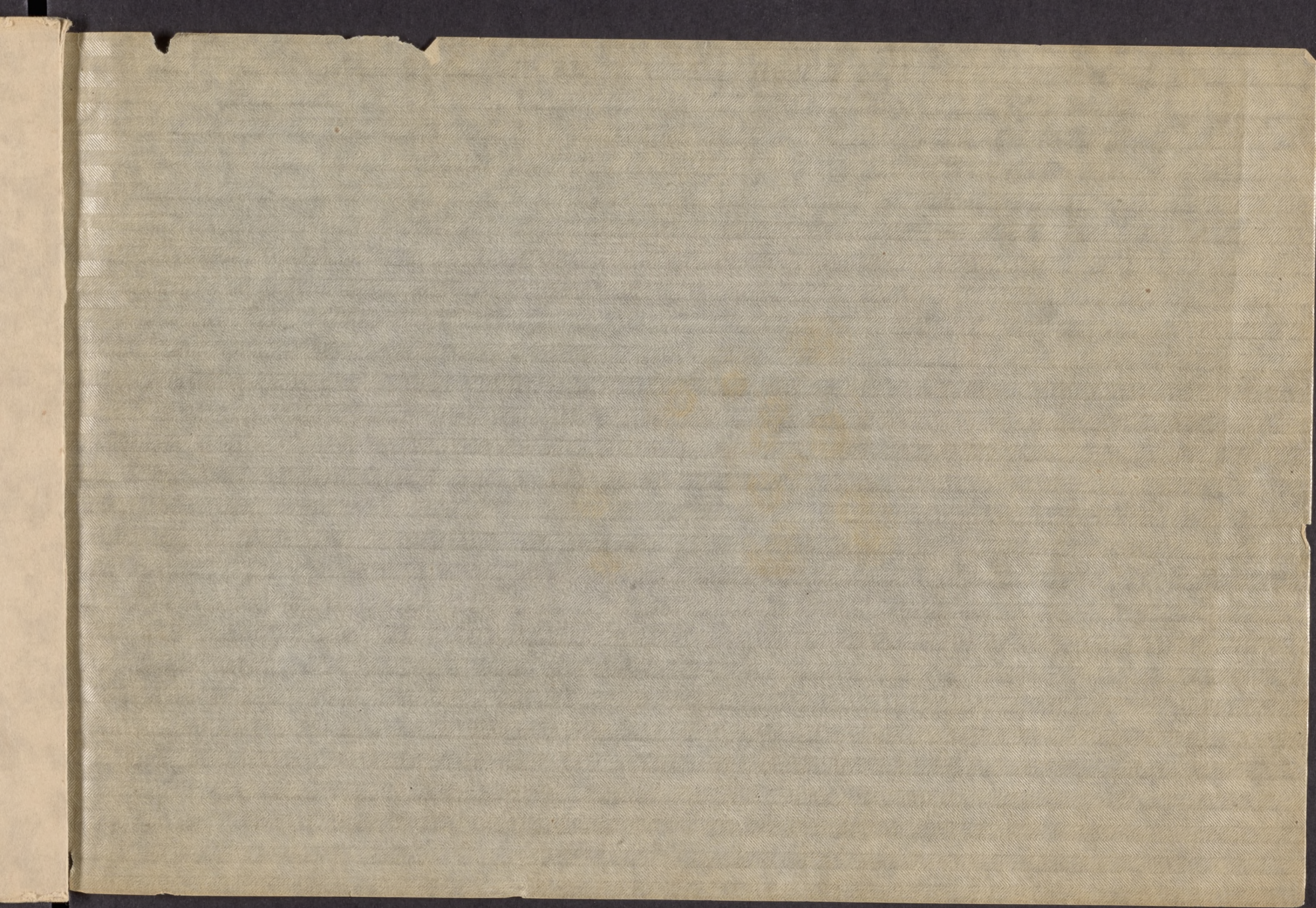


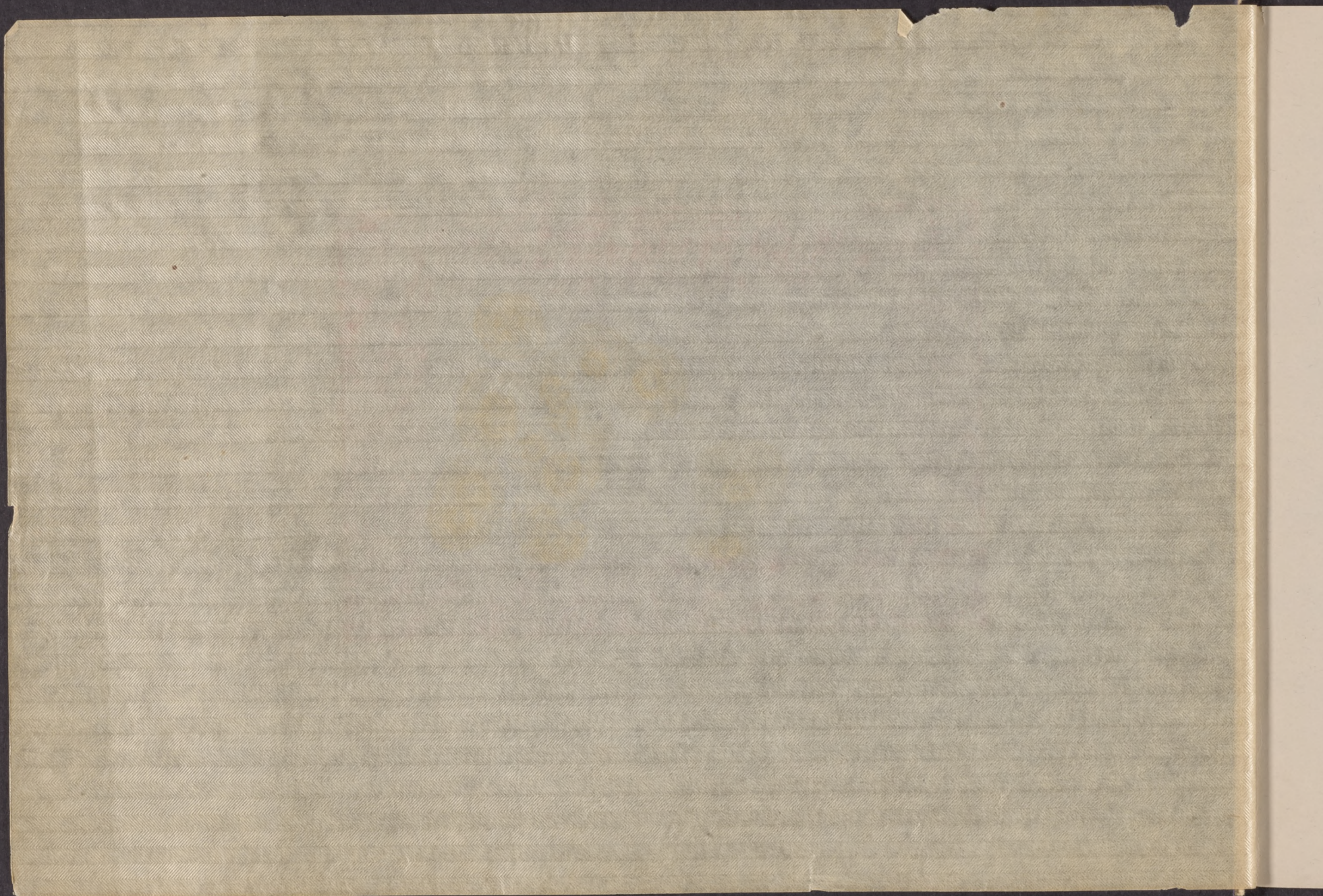
S.R.H.S.

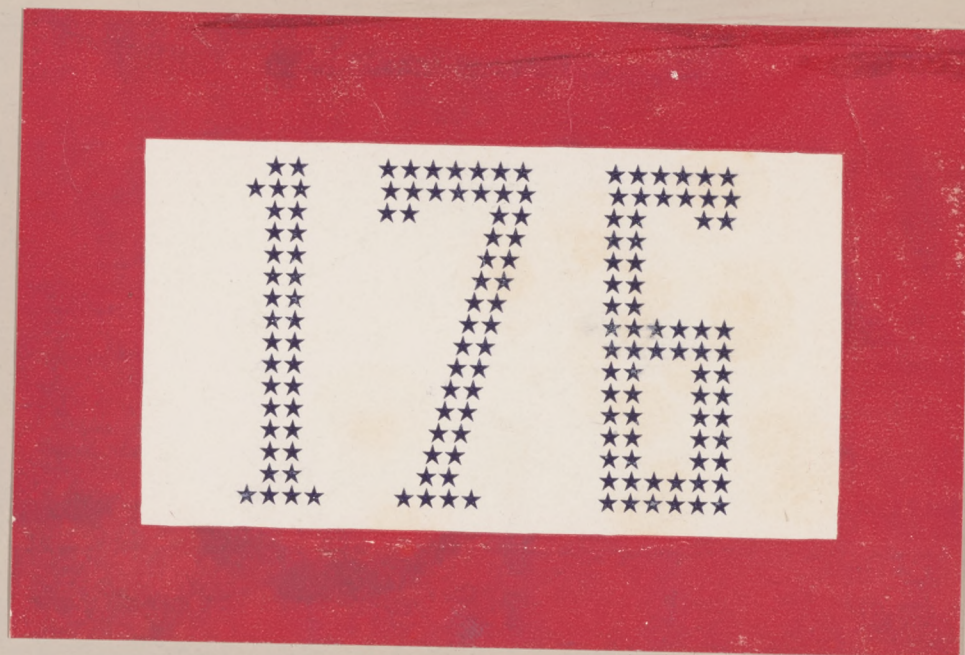
GOUGH

1918











To
Miss Hazel Fisher

Our Adviser

Our Teacher

Our Friend

this "Echo" is Dedicated



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 MISS HAZEL FISHER.....Student Adviser, English
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War Activities

That the Santa Rosa High School has responded quickly and loyally to the nation's call to arms is shown by our service flag. But our activities did not cease when we had given our boys to the service. The next in order was the food pledge campaign. During this campaign the students showed a hearty interest and through their agency hundreds of cards that otherwise never would have been signed were signed and food pledge cards now hang in the windows of nearly every home in Santa Rosa.

In December, following Food Savings Campaign, came the Great Red Cross drive. The enthusiasm displayed by the students in this drive has had no equal. After a week of hard work the results for S. R. H. S. were over 620 new members for the Red Cross.

Soon after the big Red Cross drive was over, Santa Rosa High entered the Junior Red Cross with a 100 per cent membership. This, perhaps is our greatest achievement. Our Chapter of the Junior Red Cross has done splendid work. The boys, with their manual training work and their successful junk campaigns have kept a steady flow of money into the treasury. This money purchased the yarn and other necessary materials which the girls' busy fingers fashioned into socks, sweaters, helmets for the soldiers, be-

sides clothes for the homeless Belgian children. The girls have worked faithfully every day after school until five o'clock under the untiring supervision of the teachers in charge. Too much credit cannot be given the students and teachers for the manner in which they support and carry on this Junior Red Cross work.

Just after we had gotten nicely settled with our Red Cross work, the Third Liberty loan was upon us. The school children played a prominent part in this drive. As the result of our hearty cooperation of the stirring in assembly and unfailing work of all, S. R. H. S. oversubscribed her quota four days after the campaign began.

Last month we played a game in which the mass of students were against the whole faculty. This was a contest to find out who could last the longer when it came to buying Thrift Stamps. The students, after trying for a week gave up the task of trying to "break" the teachers. Although the students did not win, the results were far from a failure. The total amount received for Thrift Stamps at our bank was \$1,400.

Last, but certainly not least, comes our work in Belgian relief. Four months ago Miss O'Meara appeared before the student body and asked us each to give a penny

a month toward the Beugian relief fund. There was, indeed a generous response to this call to help the starving children of devastated Belgium. By the end of the month we had doubled our quota. It seemed that every month our contributions increased. Everyone always saved all

his pennies for the "Little Brown Jug" on Miss O'Meara's desk.

So, it seems, looking over the past record of Santa Rosa Hi's war activities, that she has, in every branch, gone gloriously "Over the Top."



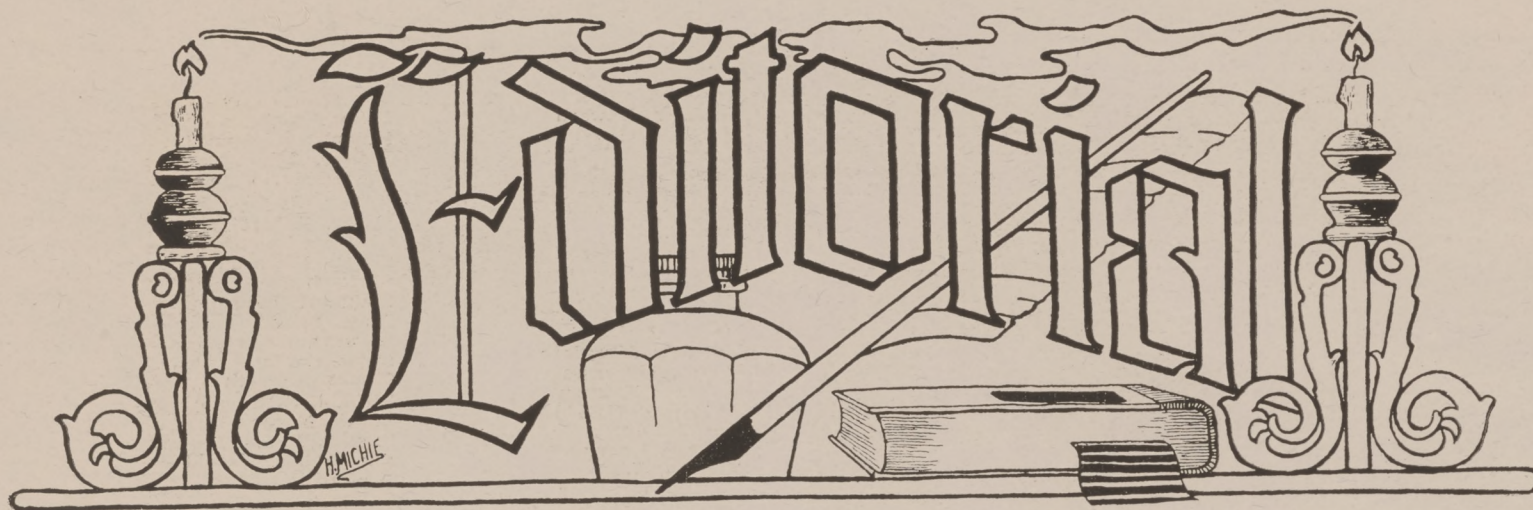
S. R. H. S. Honor Roll

Ahl, Kinley
 Anderson, Weston
 Anderson, Clarendon
 Abeel, Shirley
 Adams, Fred
 Anderson, Victor
 Abeel, Edwin
 Belden, Loyd
 Bailey, Bruce
 Burke, Mervyn
 Break, Gordon
 Bruner, Harold
 Bruner, Hazel
 Brush, Shirley
 Barnett, George
 Banks, Lester
 Bettini, Alissio
 Berger, Frank
 Boyce, Earl
 Bagley, Will
 Bither, Thomas
 Brown, Walter
 Clark, Charles
 Cochran, Paul
 Chapman, Guy
 Clarey, May
 Cochran, Edward
 Chapman, Charles
 Cooley, Victor
 Cassani, Fred
 Cameron, Donald
 Campbell, Everett
 Churchill, Frank
 Cooper, Leslie
 Campbell, Harold
 Coon, Jack
 Dignan, Howard
 Du Bois, Grant
 Dearing, Raymond
 Drysdale, Donald
 Davis, Carroll
 Drysdale, James
 Drysdale, Sidney
 Entzminger, Albert

Espey, Douglas
 England, Arthur
 Espey, Irene
 Farwell, Seawell
 Farnlof, Arthur
 Farmer, Ralph
 Francisco, R. J.
 Geary, Donald
 Gould, Charles
 Grindle, Monroe
 Gnesa, Louis
 Gmetti, Albert
 Garner, Floyd
 Gray, Donald
 Gale, Thorne
 Hewitt, Achie
 Hoag, O. H.
 Hanson, Roy
 Hollingsworth, Dale
 Hastings, Walton
 Hudson, Clyde
 Hyde, Will
 Holmes, Fred
 Harden, Will
 Heitsmith, William
 Jones, Clint E.
 Jones, Earl
 Jones, Rodney
 Jacobs, Eli
 Johnson, John
 Kinslow, Fisher
 Kuypers, James
 Koford, Edward
 Kistler, Amandus
 Keller, Vernon
 Lockhart, Robert
 Lockwood, Louis
 La Due, Earl
 Lawrence, William J.
 Lindsay, William
 Luce, Harry
 Luce, Wilfred
 Lencinoi, Louis

Lorimer, Edward
 Miller, Carl
 Morrow, William
 Meeker, Merton
 Miller, Thomas
 McKinney, Dudley T.
 Maroni, John
 McIntosh, Carroll
 Maroni, Al
 Monroe, Marian
 MacCarthy, Michael
 Meese, Arthur
 Matthew, Theodore
 Monroe, Esmond
 McPeak, Norman
 McMeans, Harold
 Gregory, Merle
 Morrow, Harry
 Mallory, West
 McDaniel, Victor
 Miller, Roy
 Mather, Weston
 Mitchell, Ellsworth
 McKinnon, John
 Mitchell, Samuel
 Noonan, Leo
 O'Connor, Robert
 O'Connor, Roger
 Overton, Ruth
 Olson, Leslie
 Overton, Theodore
 Pursell, Harold
 Peterson, Chauncey
 Peoples, John
 Pasvor, Louis
 Parrish, Charles
 Rathbone, Leland
 Roberts, Charles
 Ross, Kemp
 Reams, Mannie
 Marguerite Rued
 Rued, Paul
 Richards, Ernest
 Reno, Orion

Reno, Frank
 Rulophson, Wayne
 Rohrer, Calvin
 Read, Marvin
 Rice, Kenneth
 Slyter, Robert
 Sullivan, Leo
 Sewell, Edward
 Scott, Warren
 Steinnort, Paul
 Scott, Leland
 Stewart, Evan
 Swift, Leslie
 Stuart, Kenneth
 Sibbald, Jack
 Smith, Mazyck
 Snyder, Ernest
 Silvershield, Harold
 Sanford, Raymond
 Sullivan, Bernard
 Thompson, Kenneth
 Trembley, Paul
 Trosper, Gilbert
 Todd, Addison
 Tuttle, Ovid Scott
 Tanner, Eliza
 Thompson, Charles
 Underhill, Albert
 Valdes, Robert
 Wiggins, Charles
 Wilson, Earl
 Wiley, Will
 Wallace, Ralph
 Whitney, Clarence
 Wilkinson, Lloyd
 Ware, Allison
 Wood, John
 Weeks, J. P.
 Wheeler, Grant
 Weeks, Jones
 Wetzler, Dale
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VERNE SMITH

Graduation is here and for many of this June graduating class, school days are over for all time. Soon they will begin the stern battle for existence and for recognition, while those who are planning to take advanced courses, will continue their studies in the universities.

The class of 1918 now goes forth to strive to win success in life, armed with the advantages that they have derived from their High School course. What will these next few years bring them. To those who are planning to take part in the busy community life around them, it will bring them in contact with vice and crime, which will strengthen their manhood and womanhood, for it there were no temptations to overcome, no pitfalls to avoid, where would virtue be if one were good. Those who escape these temptations win respect and admiration from those with whom they associate. While on the other hand, those who are given the opportunity of higher education which is offered them in the universities, will be devoting their time to the betterment and the uplift of their minds. And through this, obtain a broader view of the problems that confront them, and when their course at university comes to an end, they will be equipped to do

their part in the life struggle into which they are entering.

Class of 1918, it is your duty, now that your High School days are over, and the time for your entrance into life's arena is here, to make the best of your opportunities, and to leave the world better than when you enter.

As our great President, Abraham Lincoln, once said, "It is all together fitting and proper that we do this," the editorial staff wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who have made this edition of The Echo possible. First, we wish to thank the faculty, one and all, for the encouragement and help they have given; and for the faculty play they gave for the benefit of The Echo. Next, the girls who so generously gave benefit teas and entertainments; then the Senior Class who took it upon themselves to raise the money necessary for the publication of the annual. To the entire Student Body for the help and assistance given us; to our advertisers who have given us their hearty support; and last, but not least, to the members of the Press Democrat office who have taken such a great interest in our book, and for the many helpful suggestions they have given us.

—The Editors.



Dick Stone, Freshman

"Who is the new kid, fellows?"

"Where? Oh, that youngster? Name's Stone, I believe, Dick Stone. He's a Freshie, and sure looks the part."

Several upperclass boys, who were sauntering along the shady walks of Hampton College, turned to gaze after a small, yet strong looking boy of about seventeen years. It was true that he was not much for looks. His face was small, very freckled, yet with an attractive look around his blue eyes, and his hair was a bright red. He looked as if he had come from the country, for his clothes were rather worn and not of the latest style.

Several days of the college term passed and the coach of the track team had called for men. Dick was interested in track and watched the boys practice every night. He would have liked to go in for track himself, but he felt that he would stand little chance among the boys who had trained before. The high school where he had attended was small and had no athletics.

One afternoon after having watched the men train, Dick decided to go for a walk. He had watched the boys practice running and felt sure that he could run as fast as some of the boys had. He walked along pondering on the subject until he was about a mile from town. Seeing a cool place under a shade tree on a small hill a little distance from the road, he decided to rest there for a while.

The spring weather was glorious and there was plenty of time to rest before he had to go back. He began to think of college; it was not what he had expected. His parents had not wanted him to go to college, they thought that he should stay on the farm after having gone through grammar school and high school, but he had finally gained their consent to come. He had expected to make some friends but he had been going several days and hardly knew a fellow to even speak to yet. Well, he did look like a country jay, and his clothes were old. But what was the use? He was so shy that he couldn't talk to any of the fellows if they tried to talk to him.

Well, he had come to college to study, so nothing else mattered, but still it would be nice to have at least one good friend.

Having thought about his troubles for some time, Dick decided to make the best of it. He rose and looking around was about to leave when he heard some one scream. Coming toward him at breakneck speed was a horse with a girl clinging frantically to the saddle. The horse had evidently gotten beyond control, for it flew over the ground, its pounding hoofs fairly shaking the earth. Dick's brain seemed all in a whirl and it was hours, to him, before he could move. He commenced to run down the hill, but before he realized that the horse could be past before he could

reach the road. Suddenly he remembered that the road turned, so he commenced running in the other direction, hoping to reach the turn before the horse got clear around it. His feet flew over the ground, and Dick never knew how he scrambled through a patch of wild blackberry bushes and over the fence. The horse was there almost as soon as he, although he had slackened speed slightly to turn. Dick leaped toward the horse from the side of the road and caught the bridle. This frightened the horse more, but Dick held on and after being dragged a few feet succeeded in bringing the horse to a standstill. The frightened girl jumped off the horse and sank on the grass beside the road.

"Oh, thank you so much. Lass got beyond my control, and if you hadn't stopped her, I am sure I could not have hung on a minute longer. I feel so nervous yet that I can't stand up," said the girl, as the color slowly returned to her cheeks.

"Don't mention it," answered Dick, "anyone would have done the same thing."

"Why, anyone couldn't have done the same. There isn't one boy in a hundred who would have sense enough to run for the turn in the road, and say, but you can run fast. You must meet my brother. He is captain of the track team at College."

"Don Stephens! Is Donald Stephens your brother?"

"Yes, my name is Marjorie Stephens. I forgot all about telling you whom you had rescued."

"Mine it Dick Stone. I have seen and admired your brother at College, but I don't know many of the fellows, as I am only a freshman, so I have never met him."

"You in college? Why I did not think you were any older than I, which is sixteen."

"Well, I am not much older than you are, but I graduated from high school rather young," laughed Dick.

"Well, I am beginning to feel all right again, so I guess I can ride Lass home. She is usually so gentle, but she became frightened when I was not watching her."

"She surely is a beauty," said Dick, as he gazed at the graceful lines of Lass, a deep bay, with a long flowing mane and appreciated her beauty as only a lover of horses can.

"I think that you'd better let me walk home with you and lead her. You don't want to take any chances, you know."

The walk home was easier than Dick had anticipated. He thought he would be awkward and not know how to talk to a girl, as his acquaintance with girls had been rather limited. He thoroughly enjoyed himself and forgot to be shy. He found himself telling of his home, the ranch he loved, his high school days, then of his coming to college. Marjorie gathered from his conversation that he was rather lonely and homesick, so when she reached her home, she invited him in. He seemed unwilling to go, as his old shyness had come back, but when she said that her mother would insist on meeting a person who had rescued her daughter, he said he would stay a few minutes. They

found the family before a cozy fire in the living room.

"Mother," said Marjorie, "I want you to meet Dick Stone, he just saved me from an accident. Yes! When he has met Don and father I will tell you about it. This is my brother, Don, and I hope you will be good friends.

Marjorie then sat down by her mother and told about the runaway of Lass and how Dick had saved her.

"But," protested Dick, "you give me too much credit. I didn't do anything wonderful."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Stephens, "you do not realize what you have done. There was no one else on the road and there is no telling how badly Marjorie would have been hurt."

"Oh, Don!" burst out Marjorie, "Dick can run so fast. No one else could have reached that turn before Lass did. You should make him go out for the track."

"We need a fellow, Stone, and I, as captain, want to see the team win this year. Of course a freshman hasn't much chance for any of the big meets, but at least come out for the Interclass meet. — You will have a couple of weeks to practice yet."

"I should like very much, Don. Why! I did not realize it was so late. The time has passed very quickly. I really must go."

"Oh, no indeed. You shall stay to dinner with us and for the evening, too. Donald will take you home in the car. Now, don't refuse! This is Friday night and you don't have to study, so stay to please me."

"Thank you, Mrs. Stephens. I can't refuse you," said Dick, although he was inwardly afraid of the dinner and when he saw the table he groaned. How would he be able to manage all those forks? At home they never had more than was absolutely necessary for one person but it seemed that there was enough for everyone at one plate. How he lived through that dinner Dick never knew, but finally he found himself back at the fire talking gaily. Mrs. Stephens reminded him of his mother and he became very jolly and forgot to be shy.. He told them about the ranch, school, family and home. The evening passed all too quickly, and Don took him home, after a warm invitation had been given by Mrs. Stephens to come whenever he wished to see them. That night he went to sleep happy, feeling that at last he had found friends.

Three weeks had passed and the day for the big College Interclass Field Meet was at hand. Dick had been training every night and profited more than had been expected by it. The coach had thought him rather small, but he was strong and was called the "Freshie Wonder" by many of the fellows. Dick felt sure he could come well up in the sprints and perhaps win in the half mile, as his greatest trouble was in starting. They had several good runners in the College, but Dick wanted to be best, but then he was only a freshman and could hardly expect that.

The big track was alive with people, mostly boys and girls of the town, as many were interested in the college track team. Dick's heart began to sink as he came out onto

the track. Could he ever run before to many people? While he was trying to persuade himself that he could do better than he ever did before, some one called to him. He turned to see Marjorie and walked over to speak to her. Dick had spent many happy evenings at the Stepheps home as it always seemed as if he was in a home when he went there, so he and Marjorie were great friends.

"Dick, you go in to win that half mile, wont you? Don says you are good in the sprints for having trained so little, but that Russell and Clark are better. He thinks yon can win the half mile, though, if you try real hard."

"Of course I'll do my best, Marjorie, but don't expect too much. I wish I could win, though."

The events were run off quickly, but to the impatient Marjorie it was all too long until the half mile came. Dick had not done well in the sprints. He had gotten nervous and had not started well. He could run fast and came up to fourth in the one hundred yard and third in the twenty, much to the delight of the freshmen.

"All out for the half mile, fellows!" came the call.

"I must and will win!" said Dick as he took his place.

"Ready! Get set!" The words sounded crisp and distinct. "Go!" the starter said as the pistol went off.

Dick was off with the others. He waited for one of the other men to set the pace and he determined to keep close behind him, whatever happened.

Dick knew that the man that took the lead was a senior, and not their best man. He felt that the runner was

trying to lead him too fast, but he ran along easily. If the freshmen won this event, they had a chance of winning the meet, otherwise the seniors would probably win.

While Dick was thinking over these things he noticed that they were abuot half through. Now the test would come. He was a little more winded than he had expected to be, but the man in front of him was falling back and he would have the lead. Yes, the man in front of him would have to drop out. But what was that? Some one was coming up behind him. He could hear the swift beating of their spikes on the track. He went faster, but still the runner came on. The crowd was cheering. He heard the freshmen yelling his name. He must win for them, but he was so tired. His lungs hurt and the finish seemed so far off and—

"Dick, run!"

That was Marjorie. Yes, he would run and win. He drew himself together and made one final effort. Then the tape loomed up in front of him and he reached out and fell across the line—a winner by a few feet.

Dick felt some one rubbing him and opened his eyes. "Never mind. old fellow," said Don, "you won and that probably means the meet for the Freshmen."

—HELEN CRANE.

The Scramble of the Eggs

IN front of the little, weather-beaten country post-office, on two well worn benches that showed the effects of usage, the village loafers and the farmers from out of town were sitting and gossiping, and exchanging the latest news while opening their mail. A political argument was under way, and the bystanders urged on the debaters, the village blacksmith and the postmaster, until it looked as if the affair would come to blows.

At this juncture, however, the attention of the combatants was distracted by the appearance down the road of a little dried up farmer, minus his hat, his whitewhiskers bobbing up and down as he walked. The little old fellow was leading a dilapidated looking mare, which was pulling an equally antiquated wagon, while under the wagon trotted a dog of such nondescript breed and disconsolate appearance that he matched the rest of the group perfectly, and over all, man, horse, wagon and dog were splotches of yellow, irregularly laid on, so that the procession looked as if it had passed under a painter's scaffold at the instant he dropped his bucket.

As the procession drew near, a chorus of inquiries greeted it from the benches, but never a word did the old farmer answer as he carefully tied his horse and stepped on

the porch. Then he shifted his tobacco to the other cheek and indignantly began his tale of woe.

"Fellers," he said, I've had a most turrible time. You all know where the county road goes past my corn field? Wa'al, at any rate my field's on one side and there's a row of oaks on the other. Boys, I comes down that road first thing this morning with some baskets of eggs to ship to the city, and, by gum, the first thing I sees is that pesky black cow of Henry Fulcombs in my corn-patch. You all know Henry and you all know the cow. They're both alike, just as cussed and ornery and naturally perverse as a nest full of hornets!"

The old man paused to get his breath, and his audience sat silent and expectant, till, having mopped his forehead with his red bandana, he began again, gesticulating violently, and more excited than before.

"I'll tell you, boys," he continued, "I was mad. I hitched Betsy, here, to a bush and gits a pocket full of rocks and starts in to chase that ding-busted cow out. Wa'al I gits into the field all right, but the minute I gits near the cow, she just hoists her tail over her back and puts out across the field like the old scratch was after her!"

The old man was waving his hands frantically now,

his whiskers jerked up and down as he talked, emphasizing his words, and he seemed to forget his auditors as he vitualized the morning's tragic occurrences.

"I wears myself plumb out," he said, "chasin' that cow around the field, drat her! She tramples on all the corn, and I loses my hat and falls down, and when I gits up I jes' gives it up as a bad job, when what does she do but go paradin' calmly out the hole in the fence on to the road, like I in the middle of the road, and she looks as if she was a-laughin' at me. Fellers, that was too much! I picks up a rock and heaves it at her, and she hoists her tail again and lights out down the road. Then I sees I made a mistake for Betsy, tied a little farther along, gits kind of excited, when she sees that cow a-comin' down the road like she means to go some place. Betsy backs up as for as the rope will let sir' sport lets out a yelp you could hear a mile, and hearin' that racket behind her, Betsy pulls loose and starts down the road while the old black cow is a-comin' up. I starts to run as fast as I kin, and I says, says I, "Whoa, Betsy! look out for them eggs!" But she never pays any attention and the cow, she keeps right on a-comin' It was awful Every time the wagon hits a rut a few eggs flies out of the baskets and smashes in the road, and Sport, who is a-runnin' behind the wagon, gives an extra howl every time an egg hits him, and Betsy gives another jump, and comes a little might faster. It sure looks like it was a-goin' to be an awful accident, I knows if they ever hits, I will never be able to put Betsy together again, and I don't want to pay that

old coot, Henry for a cow that eats all my corn. Wa'al boys jest as they was a-comin' together, and I thinks its all over, Betsy all of a sudden braces all four feet an' slides along and stops, and the cow turns to one side and tries to pass, But right when Betsy stops so quick, the eggs don't. They keeps right a-goin'! They sails up in the air and comes down and busts, jest like them German bombs we reads about in the papers. One whole crateful falls out on Sport and makes a regular omelet on him and all over the road. I gits there just in time to get some, too; I tries to dodge, but it wasn't no use, as you gents can plainly see. As for Betsy, she was just wadin' around and a-snortin' like a locomotive. And I'll be switched if that cow didn't catch one horn in the handle of a basket with it haingin' on her head and the eggs rattlin' out and runnin' down her back. Boys, that was a mess! that was a mess! That place in the road will be one omelet for weeks, and I don't believe that cussed cow is stopped runnin' yet. I had to lead Betsy back to town, she is so scared, and I konws she will never be handsome like she was once. Just the same." and here a satisfied smile spread over his face, "I bet Henry Fulcomb wont recognize his cow the next time he sees her."

He turned to go into the post office, but as he reached the door wheeled about, and shaking a warning finger at the assembly, shouted, "Don't none of you fellers ever trust an egg, it wont treat you right."

—EDWARD R. CLAPP.

Seniors

President—Verrel Weber

Vice President—Carl Hoyle

Secretary-Treasurer—Alida Showers

Representatives—Bernice Showers
Paul Johnson

Class Reporter—Alida Showers

Class Motto—"Carry On"

Class Flower—Cecil Burner Rose

Class Colors—Gray and Gold

Class Roll

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Mae Virginia Bradford	Clara Hansen	Lela Pool
Marie Beutel	George Hoshide	Inez Russell
Gertrude Baker	Phyllis Hinckley	Eloise Robbins
Walter Black	Beth Haskell	Elva Richards
Ralph Brown	Carl Hoyle	Matlida Schultz.
Mabel Benson	Lorene Johnson	Laura Strohmeier
Roselind Palmera Bacigalupi	Grace Johnson	Bernice Showers
Mildred Bucknum	Paul Johnson	Lila Sullivan
Arthur Collins	Aline Kistler	Estella Smith
Paul Chapman	Elvira Kenworthy	Dorothy Staley
Clarence Cooper	Anna Lee	Bessie Shane
Emma Christiansen	Andrew Lagan	Cecil Swanets
Aileen Donovan	Margaret Lambert	Alida Showers
Margaret Daut	Helga Langlien	Clara Torr
Cedora Ely	Mildred Milne	Mary Tsumaru
Florence Entzminger	Marcus Matlock	Marjorie Vaughan
Hazel Fry	Harold McAlpine	Gladys Wood
Sarah Fisk	Andrew Mercer	Earl Wymore
Harry Gidal	Olga Opland	Vera Williams
Eunice Gutermute	Helen Payne	Laura Wickham
Eleanor Howard-Mead		Verrel Athine Weber



VERREL WEBER

LILA POOL

ANDREW LAGAN

AILEEN DONOVAN

CEDORA ELY

ALIDA SHOWERS



MILDRED MILNE

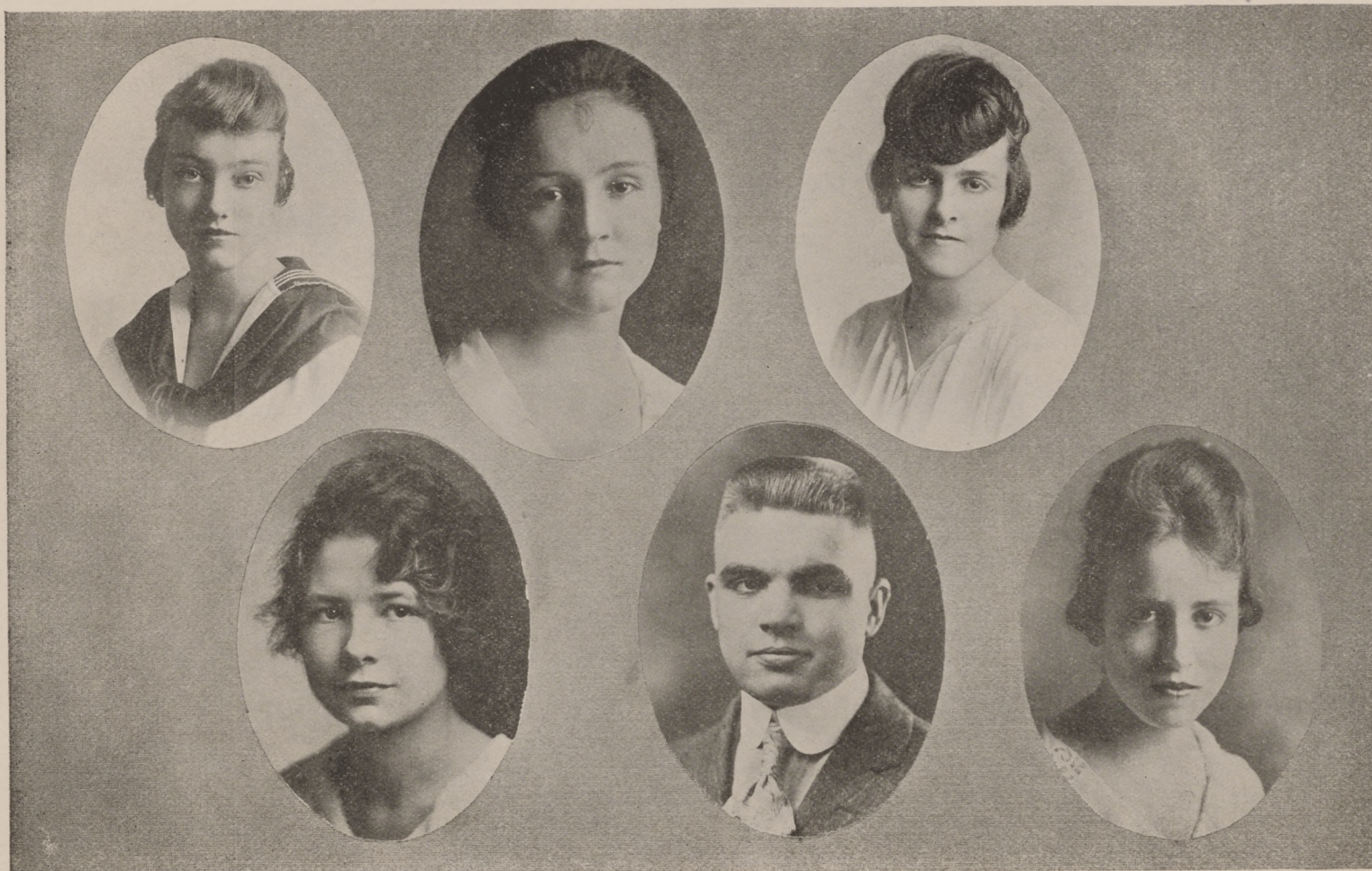
LAURA WICKHAM

ALINE KISTLER

HELGA LANGLIN

OLGA OPLAND

WALTER BLACK



LORENE JOHNSON

EDNA HIGGINSON

VERA WILLIAMS

HAROLD McALPINE

MARJORIE VAUGHAN

MARIE ALBERS



HAZEL FRY

MILDRED PARRISH
TILLE SCHULTZ

ESTELLA SMITH

PHYLLIS HINCKLEY
PAUL CHAPMAN



MAY BRADFORD

CARL HOYLE

CLARENCE COOPER

MARY TSAMURA

MARGARET LAMBERT

HARRY GIDAL



RUTH HAMNER

BERNICE SHOWERS

GEORGE HOSHIDE

EUNICE GUTERMUTE

LAURA STROHMEIER

MABEL BENSON



GRACE JOHNSON

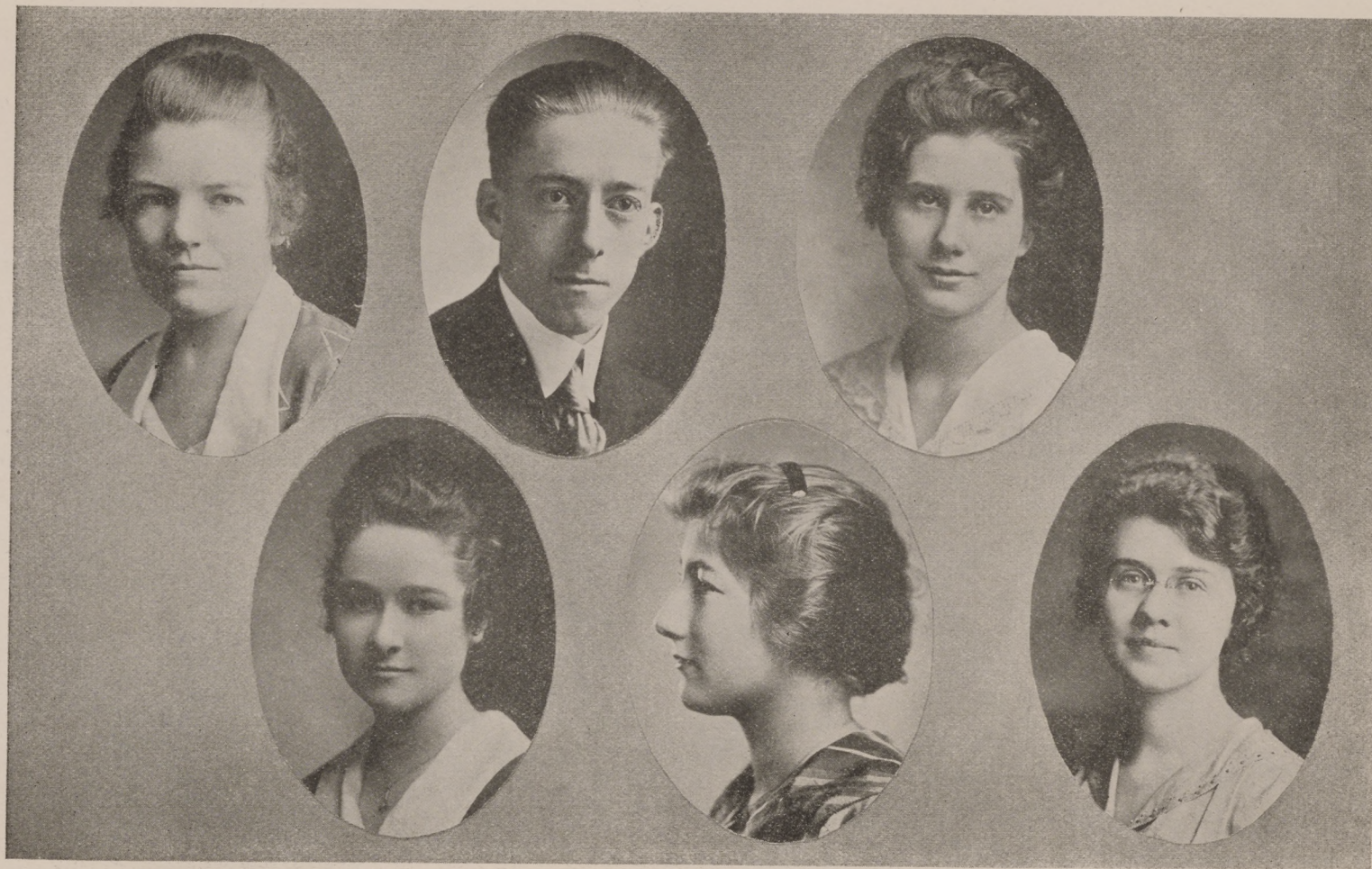
CLAIR TORR

CLARA HANSEN

DOROTHY ADAMS

FLORENCE ENTZMINGER

ELOISE ROBBINS



LILA SULLIVAN

GLADYS WOODS

ARTHUR COLLINS

MARIE BEUTEL

DOROTHY STALEY

ELVIRA KENWORTHY



MARGARET DAUT

ELVA RICHARDS

SARAH FISK

CARL WYMORE

MILDRED BUCKNUM

BETH HASKELL



EDITH PRICE

INEZ RUSSELL

ROSALIND BACIGALUPI

HELEN PAYNE

PAUL JOHNSON

CECIL SWANETS

Class History

HISTORY repeats itself even among the most illustrious of classes, and all of the much revered graduating class once passed through the often mentioned stages of "giggling fresh," "overbearing sophomores," "important juniors," and finely the last and most blissful stage of "learned-looking seniors." The same events greeted us that many less worthy classes have undergone, such as receptions when Freshmen, parties or picnics when Sophomores, carefully guarded by loving parents and watchful faculty lest the romping gaiety of the occasion be marred by some over-zealous enthusiast. Junior-Senior picnics a year later attended by less chaperones and more fun. Some of our worthy members underwent a severe struggle as to which was the most tempting, the dancing or the marshmallow roast. This finally led to a compromise to pack the marshmallows up to the dance and eat them unroasted. Last of all the class of '18 were the honored guests of the Junior class at a picnic at Burkes.

Owing to the war to which is due the lack of overwhelming numbers of all-star track men in our midst, the Seniors are compelled to record the sad defeat in the inter-class meet, but if we were to count the men from our class who are now with Uncle Sam, we could easily outnumber the triumphant victors of the meet.

But then even Napoleon met his "Waterloo," but instead of turning the tide of our advances this defeat will act as a spur to our mighty power as a class, and we will attempt to leave behind us footsteps which all future Freshmen will gaze at with awe—stricken with reverence as they call to their minds the pictures of the geniuses who formerly tread these venerable halls long before their time.

And speaking of class laurels, let the other classmen find a single member of our all-powerful debating club that is not a member of the Class of '18. Call to their minds the overwhelming defeat of Sonoma, which was accomplished by hard work and natural ability, which characterized this unusual class.

During the final year in Santa Rosa High School the Seniors have had many calls to test their patriotism and they have responded in a way worthy of their class. Finally, as a gift to the dear old school they presented a service flag on which many of the stars represented boys who would have been graduating at the same time had Uncle Sam's need not taken them.

War time simplicity characterized the sad departure of this class from the institution which will cherish and speak in hushed voices of those who depart at this time for long years to come.

Sarah Fisk.

CLASS JUST AS IT IS

Name	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Song	Failing	Aim	Cause of Death
Dorothy Adams	"Bob"	Prehistoric	Bicycling	Wild, Wild Women	Red Rough-neck sweater	To catch Frank	Choked by cantaloupe necklace
Marie Albers	Al	Hungry	Day-dreaming	Oh, That Each Tooth Were a Pearl	Smile	To have a man	Toothbrush bristle
Walter Black	Walt	Heart breaker	Queening	You May Hold a Million Girlies in Your Arms	Girls	Benedict	Mistaken for one
Verrel Weber	Lofty	Amazon	Bossing senior class	Baby Shoes	Dainty gait	Toe dancer	Withered away
Carl Hoyle	Cato	Devilish	Debating	When Verrel and I Were Young, Pals	Classy dames	Masher	Mashed
Mabel Benson	Mabe	Blase	Tickling the ivories	Watch Me as I Go Down the Aisle, Boys	Chassing the "Duke"	To catch him	A discord
Marie Beutel	"Beub"	Bored	Driving the mare	Gidd-yap Napoleon	Horse liniment	Lady veterinary	A runaway
Rosalind Bacigalupi	Bachie	Cute	Buick Six	You Make Me Love You	Kappa dances	Second Queen	Tripped chasing Don
Mildred Buchnum	Buck	Real tough	Wasting her time	Back to the Farm	Them feet	To graduate	Tripped on her toe
Vera Williams	"Bill"	Innocent	Driving the Overland	Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown	That Disposi-tion	Business College	Diamonds in general
Mildred Parrish	"Mil"	Beaming	Working in Woolworth's	10c Buys 'Em All	That hair	To marry a farmer	Swallowed ten flies
Lela Pool	"Le"	Unassuming	Camp-fire meetings	Baby Carriage Glide	Pink Waist	Theda Bara	Stabbed
Helen Payne	"Henney"	Prim	Running Senior meetings	My Mother Said	Knowing everything	History teacher	Slipped on rubber heels
Harold McAlpine	"Ginny"	Napoleonic	Debating	Smother Me With Kisses	That Ford	To get a date with Rosie	Sprinting

CLASS JUST AS IT IS

Name	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Song	Failing	Aim	Cause of Death
Olga Opland	"Opie"	Coo-coo	Chemistry	Plantation Home	"Hig"	Business College	Acting hard boiled
Edith Price	"Edie"	Intellectual	Sunday school teacher	The Old Time Religion	The blue sweater	Suffragette	Choked on a shoe horn
Hazel Fry	"Haz"	Bleached	Motor-cycling	Meet Me, I'll Be There, You Bet	Velvet dress	To remain single	Fell off the motorcycle
Cecil Swanets	"Swat"	Kittenish	Hiding her work	Don't Turn the Gun This Way	Ears	Lady photographer	Failed in history
Cedora D'Ely	"Sonny"	Fascinating	Riding with Louie	Get Out and Get Under	That cow-boy hat	Cadet	Spanish Fandango
Sarah Fiske	"Sal"	Important	Riding in the "Cad"	Oh, My Lovemobile	Huge of collars	Equestrienne on a merry-go-round	Swallowed False teeth
Eunice Gutermute	"Eu"	Skinny	Writing reports	Burning the Midnight Oil	Burke's	Get in strong with I. D. S.	A new Dodge
Beth Haskell	"Betty"	Cute	Doing up curls	Not Because My Hair is Curly	Guarding brother	Mary Pickford	Loud Laugh
Anna Lee	"Ann"	Antique	Chewing finger nails	I'll Always Be Sweet Sixteen to You	Plaid coat	Curly hair	Those suede shoes
Helga Langlian	"Hig"	Grouchy	Ushering Olga	Uncle Grouch's	Her smile	Blushing bride	Stepped on a pin
Andrew Lagan	"Andy"	Cave man	Baseball	Bull Dog Rag	Classy clothes	To get a free shave	The razor Slipped
Margaret Lambert	"Peggy"	Demure	Posing for prima-donna	The Lost Chord	Hinds honey and almond	Old Maid	Stage manager
Paul Chapman	"Paula"	Studious	Washing test tubes	Dear Old Ma	Hair cut	To have a date	The Hudson
Aileen Donovan	"Irishy"	Running S. R. H. S.	Acting cute	Only Me	Herself	Floor walker in peanut wagon	The Staff
Clara Hansen	"Hen"	Imposing	Combing her hair	They'll Miss Me When I'm Gone	Silk socks	Usher at Cline	Knitted Sweater
George Hoshide	Geo.	"Sessue H."	Catching minnows	Hong Kong	Paul	Japan	Swallowed by a minnow

CLASS JUST AS IT IS

Name	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Song	Failing	Aim	Cause of Death
Phyllis Hinckley	"Hick"	Fussy	Going to hair dresser	I Would My Tongue Were Longer	Slow speech	A new pink sweater	Paralysis of the tongue
Edna Higgason	"Midget"	Cute	Writing to Legro	I'd Love to Be in Loveland	Pink and green	To be admired by (?)	Pink and green wedding dress
Lorene Johnson	"Weens"	Meek	Doubling the bass	Oh, That I a Linen Smock Were	Designing squares	Pianist at Rizzi's hall	Marjorie's laugh
Marjorie Vaughan	"Marj"	Boisterous	Flashing that signet	Oh, That I a Bold Woman Were	Loud laugh	Soloist at Rizzi's hall	Lorene's smocks
Elvira Kenworthy	"Ken"	Frozen	Mixing sodas	What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?	Bill Morley	Proprietess of Salisbury's	Skidded on a milk shake
Estelle Smith	"Smitty"	Passe	Kalsomining her face	Have You Seen Stella?	Clothes	Sapho	Palsy
Dorothy Staley	"Dot"	Docile	Corner store	Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet	Cupola	House mover	Small-pox
Bessie Shane	"Bess"	Decrepit	The bus	When Johnny Comes Marching Home	Windsor	Hello girl	Electric shock
Lila Sullivan	"Li"	Neat	Park benches	When Those Wedding Bells Are Ringing	Wes.	Wes.	Wes.
Aline Kistler	"Kist"	Rushing	English 12B.	Whoa, Nellie	English accent	Red Cross Nurse	German shell
Gladys Woods	"Glad"	Woody	Meeting the 5:15	Babes in the Wood	Vitale's	Conductoress	Fathey degeneration
Ralph Brown	"Fat"	Adorable (?)	Getting a date	A Little Love, a Little Kiss	Innocence	To graduate	Caught in the act
Bernice Showers	"Bern"	Angelic	Writing notes	Taxi-cab Glide	James	C. E. leader	Yellow Sweater
Laura Strohmeier	"Lorry"	Dull	Track meets	All the World Will be Jealous of Me	Blonde hair	Heights of society	Dancing

CLASS JUST AS IT IS

Name	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Occupation	Favorite Song	Failing	Aim	Cause of Death
Paul Johnson	"Phil"	All feet	Going riding	I'm Looking for a Girl Like Mother	All E's	China tour	Noodles
Eloise Robbins	"Bob"	Delicate	Dieting	Eat and Grow Thin	Windsor dancer	To reduce	Greek dancing
Clair Torr	"Tory"	Dreadful	Grinding	When Those Sweet Hawaiian Babies Roll Their Eyes	Paper hair-ribbons	Belle of Monte Rio	Flunking
Inez Russell	"Iny"	Ruddy	History Notes	Silver Threads Among the Copper	Unique Sweaters	To dye her hair	Fatty R.
Elva Richards	"Dick"	Husky	Chewing gum	Meet Me at the Fourth Watch	Earl	Society Woman	Learning to smoke
Clarence Cooper	"Coop"	Beau-Brummel	Posing	They Go Wild Over Me	Daisy	A \$1,000,000 Caruso	The bandoline soaked in
Margaret Daut	"Peggy"	Reckless	Escaping the war	Gaze Upon My Rosy Cheeks	Bellevue	Key pounder	Choked on rouge
Florence Entzminger	"Flo"	Pious	Eating	She Never Kissd Anything But the Blarney Stone	Decollete	Lady Duff-Gordon	That sweater
Laura Wickham	"Laury"	Busy	Knitting	1-2-3-4 1-2-3-4	Red coat	Back to Eldridge	Editoress of Weekly
Ruth Hamner	"Ruthie"	Big girl	Riding on Merry-go-round	Hearts and Flowers	Red cheeks	Hash slinger	Shafts broke
Grace Johnson	"John"	Limited	Library	I Won't Be Home Until Morning	Studious dis-sition	A man	Disappoint-ment
Mildred Milne	"Mil"	Demure	Answering the phone	Hello, Central	Jim	James	That Ford
Mary Tsamuru	"Mary"	Quiet	Studying	Cherry Blossoms	Bank	Head of Com-merical de-partment	Money
Alida Showers	"Lidle"	Trim	Dolling up in "Snips" clothes	When I Met You	Wells Fargo	To take Mrs. Yost's place	Swallowed her Cud of gum
Earl Wymore	"Wymore"	Important	Talking Elva	I'm Lonsome For You	Elva	Chicken Rancher	Hen pecked
Harry Gidal	"The Duke"	Nifty	Promptness	Castle Glide	His cap	To be early	Got there on time

Class Prophecy

Somewhere in the Arctic Circle,

September 14, 1927.



DEAR CLASSMATES: I don't know which classmate you are, nor when this will reach you. I shall probably be no more when it does reach you. But I shall go back to the beginning and tell you all about it.

It's now over a year since I was in Santa Rosa and made the last entry in this diary which lies beneath this. After leaving Santa Rosa, I went to Palo Alto. Here I received the greatest disappointment of my life. Life became of no longer use to me. Ever since then, I have been wandering around trying to drown my sorrow.

And so, after wandering about, I arrived here in this cold northern country. An expedition into unknown regions is now arranged and I shall accompany it. As I shall probably not return, I am putting this diary in the hands of a trusty Esquimox to be delivered to some member of the Class of '18, S. R. H. S.

I believe this is the only complete record of the members of the class since they graduated. Hoping this will reach you safely and that you will not

grieve if I never return, for life holds nothing more for me.

Your wandering classmate,
Clarence Cooper.

On Board, Aug. 5, 1925.

Well, here it is the fifth! Have just gotten settled on board the S. S. "President." I have decided to keep a record of all my travels, so I certainly hope to meet somebody that I know, for goodness knows, I'll get pretty sick of this rambling before I see California again. Wouldn't it be great if I should meet some of my classmates—dear old Class of '18, from the Santa Rosa High School !!

Excitement !! I went out on the deck just now to get my steamer chair, and on my way back to my state-room who did I meet but Mildred Bucknum, one of the girls in this very Class of '18. She said she was on her way to Spain, and I later learned that she was to be presented at the Court of King Alfonso. All the others on board are strangers so her familiar face is very welcome to me. We left New York this morning, and expect to be in Florida tomorrow night sometime.

In Florida, Aug. 7.

Last evening we arrived here in Sunny Florida. The ship remained in the harbor for about four hours, I mean - while, taking a stroll around the town of Key West. Who did I see but Paul Chapman! He is now a noted scientist. His specialty is butterflies, and his book on this subject is certainly authoritative.

Returning to the dock, I met Mildred Milne. She was walking through the town waiting for some friends to return from a shopping tour in town. She is with a party of tourists yachting in the southern waters.

Aug. 10.

After leaving Florida we sailed for a day toward Cuba. In Santiago, the familiar face of Rosalind Bacigalupi greeted me. She said she was traveling for her health. It seemed nice to see her. She has grown more pretty and attractive than ever. Her two years at Vassar added greatly to her natural charms.

Aug. 12.

Yesterday we reached Buenos Aires, the beautiful metropolis of the South. While sight-seeing, who should I run across but Aileen Donovan. She is now the South American correspondent for the "Democrat." She is quite noted in newspaper circles now, and has been offered many fine opportunities, but she is still loyal to the old home paper that was so helpful to her when she was editor of the Santa Rosa high school annual. Aileen said she knew of some other S. R. H. S. people that I should like to see. She

took me to the Plaza hotel and there we saw Marjorie Vaughan Snell and Frank! They were just resting before starting out on their journey to the south pole.

England, Aug. 23.

The journey from Buenos Aires to Liverpool was uneventful. It did seem fine to get back on solid ground once more as we set foot on English soil. From Liverpool I took the train to London. While driving along St. James, the day after my arrival, I caught sight of a figure which seemed familiar. I asked the chauffeur to stop, and I jumped out to come face to face with Helen Payne. Helen had not changed very much. She was very anxious to hear all about the other members of our class. Helen and Lydia Pankhurst are now starting another of their famous campaigns in London, but I did not get to witness any of them. She said that she was going to Windsor castle that afternoon to see Edith Price and asked me to accompany her.

In the afternoon we rode out to Windsor castle as we had planned. Edith is now governess for the dainty little princess of England. Mae Bradford was at Windsor, also. She came with the Duchess of Marlborough, whose lap dog she now takes care of.

Spain, Aug. 28.

After leaving London, I sailed across the channel and on down to Spain. In Seville this morning, as I was walking about the palace of the Alhambra, I met Eleanor Howard Meade. Mr. Meade is now ambassador to Spain and

Eleanor is enjoying her stay in this delightful region.

France, Aug 31

I left Spain the 29, and we traveled up to Paris. While wandering around Paris I happened to meet a friend who invited me to the Opera with him. That evening as the curtain arose, who should be revealed but Harold McAlpine taking the leading role. He is second Caruso and is engaged in all the great cities of Europe and being received at court wherever he goes. After the performance, I went around behind the scenes and had a good talk with old Mac. My, it was good to see him after all those years of separation.

The next day while going through Louvre, I came across Gertrude Baker sketching. She is living in Bohemia and is devoting her time to art.

Switzerland, Sept. 5.

On my way from Paris I stopped at Flanders to see some of the reconstruction work. At the head of this wonderful work was Elvira Kenworthy. After graduating from Lane's hospital as a nurse she gave her services to poor, devastated France!

I was able to see Mabel Benson, too because she is visiting Elvira whenever she isn't giving concerts for the benefit of this reconstruction work in France. This happened to be one of her vacation days, so we had quite a chat.

Today I expect to go to Berne and then on an expedition trip up in the Alps.

Balkana, Sept. 11

On the seventh I took my trip up on the Alps. We lodged that night at a Swiss chalet in the mountains. About nine o'clock that evening another party arrived at the chalet. I was much surprised to find Elva and Earl Wayne in the party. They are now on their honeymoon. They have changed very little and it seemed very much like old times to be with them.

The next day I returned to Berne and then took a train which went through the Balkan states. These states have always been of interest to me, since it was over one of them that the Kaiser started his row which had resulted in the extermination of the German nation. I stayed over night at Bukharest and early the next morning I took a stroll around the town. At the outskirts I came to an aeroplane. Bent on investigating it I walked close to it. Who should be the owner but Helga Langlieri and Olga Opland. They are on an aerplaning tour through the Balkan states. On their return to America they expect to write a book on "The Balkana, in Perspective."

Italy, Sept. 15

I made a flying trip through Italy. The only place at which I stopped was Rome. I felt that I could not pass by without a glimpse of that old capital. In the one day that I spent there, I visited the places most recommended by Badaekers. Just before returning to the station, I ran across Gladys Woods. She is now designing villas for the nobility.

Turkey, Sept. 21

I rode out to the palace of the Sultan. I was received very graciously by his majesty in a magnificent audience chamber. He was surrounded by numerous courtiers. Among the dusky skinned Turks the white face of the jester stood in sharp contrast. Was it—could it be? Yes it really was—Homer Percy!! I had been there but a little while when a door opened and the Sultan's wife, Clara Hansen, was admitted. It was very pleasant to meet these two friends in this strange country.

Africa, Oct. 1,

Leaving Constantinople, I crossed the Mediterranean and entered Africa. At the port at which I landed I met George Hoshide. He is to set out on a lion hunt in about a week. He has become quite renowned for the skill with which he hunts this king of beasts.

Departing from the coast, I traveled for several days inland. While traveling through the eastern portion of Timbuctu, who should I run across but Cecil Swanets. She is an agent for the Indian Motorcycle Company and is teaching the negroes how to ride them. She is really very successful.

Tomorrow I shall board a ship which will take me to China.

China, Oct. 21,

At last I am in this wonderful republic of the East. My journey was very uneventful. I have now been here a week traveling through this most interesting country.

I was in Tu Chang, I ran across Laura Wickham. She is now a noted novelist and is traveling in the east to get "local color" for the next novel. It seemed quite like old times to have a nice talk with her. She has traveled much since graduating. Her last book was the best seller of the year and was entitled "How to Catch 'Em."

Siberia, Oct. 26,

From China I went north to Siberia. At Vladivostok I was received very graciously by Sarah Fisk. Since Siberia has declared her independence, many Americans have gone there, and are establishing a new government. Sarah Fisk was one of the first to answer the call for help and is now the city manager of Vladivostok. The new government is different from anything before, as it is entirely on the socialistic plan.

Japan, Nov. 7,

Returning from Siberia, I spent several days in Tokio, then took a trip to the interior. I found many quaint places in this old Empire, and at one of the most beautiful spots upon the side of Trygiana, I same across Beth Haskell. She is now teaching a kindergarten in a small village in that region. She is in love with the work and the people. Japan is surely to be envied in having her.

Tomorrow I leave the old world and start on my way across the Pacific and back to good old America. How good she will look when I see her again.

Phillippine Islands, Nov. 7,

I sailed in to port at Manila on the 5th. This is certainly a wonderful land. I have traveled over the main island in the last two days and found two old classmates. In the interior I found Eloise Robbins teaching the natives gymnastics. Her pupils show great grace after a short time under her capable training.

Last evening, after I had returned from my trip to the interior, I met Lorene Johnson on the street. She is now matron of an orphanage, and was taking some of her charges out for a walk when I saw her.

Dutch West Indies, Nov. 10,

After leaving Manila, the next port was Kudat in the Dutch West Indies. On entering Kudat, I was conducted down the street by a native to the home of the American Consul. As I passed along, I looked about me to gain an impression of the place, when something attracted my attention. The sign on a hair-dressing establishment was the cause. In my consternation and going nearer I saw the name of Anna Lee on the window. I asked my guide about it and he said that Miss Lee had quite a flourishing business.

The next day I called on her and found her very much the same as in the old days. She said that she was delighted with the country and that the only drawback was that there were so few of her old friends there.

Borneo, Nov. 10,

Today I arrived in Borneo from Kudat. Here there

is a different spirit than any that I have met before. I was told that the difference was due to Estelle Smith, who is missionary in this region. I should like to see her, but I shall have to leave here before her return from her tour in the interior.

Figii, Nov. 20.

I am now in the Figii islands. There are few marks of civilization here. I shall not stay here long as the accommodations are not good.

Yesterday I came across a dressmaking establishment run by Marie Albers. She is making a pretty good success of it and is really doing educational work, as her attractive modes induce the natives to wear more than a smile!

Marie said that a movie concern had just landed. They are making a picture, the scene of which is laid in the Figii islands, starring Valeska Surrath and her twin movie star, Florence Entzeminger! !

Australia, Nov 29,

As our steamer puffed into an Australian harbor, I wondered if I would see Paul Johnson there, as I had heard that he was seeking new material for his latest book. Sure enough he was for I had not been in the town but half an hour when I met him. He seemed very enthusiastic about seeing me, but was more so about his book, which he said was to be on "Etiquette at School and at the Table."

New Zealand, Dec. 3,

We sailed on, our next stop being at New Zealand, I wanted to stay there a day or so, even, just to see my old

class mate, Ralph Brown in one of his famous prize fights but the boat sailed and I had to sail with it. I should have liked to have seen Fat in the ring!

Hawaiian Islands, Dec. 6

The towns are beautiful and so are the shops, especially one shop window attracted my attention when I saw Bernice Showers there demonstrating the "Sure Grow Hair Tonic."

Dec. 14.

Today we went up to Seattle, Washington, and then on to Juneau, Alaska. They told me Mildred Parrish was running an ice cream parlor here, but I did not get to see her.

I was glad to get off a boat and as the train pulled out of Juneau I was happy. The trip wasn't a bit tiresome, as I had met many of my old friends and hoped to meet more.

On and on we traveled until we came to a little country town in central Canada. I got off of the train, and began to look around the town, which seemed to consist only of a general store and post office, a few houses, but high up on the hill, a picturesque little school greeted my eyes. I went up there and soon found out that Clara Torr was the teacher.

Dec. 20.

Here I am in Greenland! ! My! But it is cold! I just saw Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins (Phyllis Heckly) They are spending their honeymoon up here!

Boston, Dec. 23

I arrived in grand old Boston today. I walked around the town and visited many of the famous old land marks. On my way back to my hotel I met—can you guess? Yes, really Dorothy Adams! She was sitting in a park writing and when I asked her what she was doing she told me that she was just finishing up her book on "How to Always Appear Sweet Sixteen."

New York, Dec. 24.

In New York I stayed several days, yet the only person I saw whom I knew was Alida Showers. Her latest comic opera was being presented that night and she said that she was writing another.

Washington, Dec. 25

Here it is Christmas Day! I am glad to be in America for this holiday. I called up Verrel Weber, who is here in the capacity of Judge on the Supreme Bench. Since she had the day free, we proposed that we celebrate together and discuss the good old times at the S. R. H. S. I met her and we went down the Potomac on a sight-seeing trip to see Mount Vernon. On the boat Verrel asked me about all of the class of '18. She said that she had drifted away from almost all of her class mates. In fact, the only one she said she had seen was Aline Kistler, who is now the dean of the "Mount Holyoak Seminary for Select Young Ladies." After rambling around the historic places of Mount Vernon, we returned to Washington.

Tomorrow I take the train for my return journey to Santa Rosa.

Chicago, Dec. 29.

I am spending a few days here while I visit some relatives

The other day I was invited to go through a large textile manufacturing plant. Everything about it was very interesting and is handled in the most efficient manner. I found Margaret Lambert. She became so proficient knitting socks in her senior year at High that after graduating she was asked to help manage this huge plant. She is making a great success of the undertaking.

Yesterday afternoon I went to one of the big league baseball games between the Seals and White Sox. I was glad to see the White Sox win, for my old friend, "Andy," Lagan is managing the team this season.

St. Louis, Jan. 3.

An accident occurred which caused a delay here. Seeing the flaming posters of a circus, I decided to spend my time there while waiting.

As I approached the circus grounds, something seemed to bring back the old days in Santa Rosa High. Coming close, I realized that the reminder of old days was the sound of 'Cato' Hoyle's voice as he "spieled" in front of the side show tent. He surely was drawing the crowds. I went up to him and shook hands with him. He said that circus life was "great."

As the main show had not begun I went into the side

show. There I met Lela Pool as the Fat Lady. I never have known anyone to change like Lela has.

In one corner I saw a damsel charming snakes. She showed great ability in making her pets obey her slightest command. In this marvelous being I seemed to be reminded of some one whom I could not remember, but as soon as she smiled, I recognized her instantly as Inez Russel.

After a talk to Inez, I went into the main tent. As I entered, the band began to play. This band attracted my attention, as it was made up entirely of women, and Elsie Higgason was the "conductress."

The band ceased playing, then struck up a lively march as the bareback rider, Cedora Ely, rode in on her marvelous steed amid cheers and applause. At last came a roar and in rushed the lions! ! Four of these kings of beasts drew a golden chariot which bore one of their trainers, Emma Christiansen.

After the performance, everything was hustle and bustle as the circus prepared to leave town, for this was their last appearance in St. Louis. Hence I was unable to speak to any of my classmates who had devoted themselves to the sawdust ring since the good old days.

Oh, there! The train is just pulling out and again I am on my way.

Idaho, Jan. 10, 1926.

Leaving St. Louis we went south through Arizona.

and then turned north to Idaho.

In Arizona we stopped at a small station, when up dashed a picturesque "cow-girl." I was amazed to recognize the girl as Hazel Fry! The train pulled out just then, so I did not have a chance to speak to her, but from her appearance I imagined her as well and happy in her new chosen work.

Idaho, Jan. 20

I am going south again from Idaho. I entered California from the southwest. While passing through the southern part of the state, I stayed over all day at Universal City. I had a most interesting day in the land of movie stars. There was but one familiar face among the entire population. I met Margaret Daut. She is now Theda Bara's maid and her talent in "making up" contributes to the success of this maid if film-land.

Santa Rosa, Jan. 28

At last I am back here again after my many travels. The old town looks very changed. As I walked down Fourth street things seemed very different. It was with joy that I reached Hodgson and Henderson's place, for here in front of it, in his old place, stood Marcus Matlock. He has now been appointed "awning hioster." Walking on down I stepped in at the Overton, when what was my surprise to see Walter Black at the head of the barber shop there. The familiar faces begin to make the town seem


like home. Going farther on down the street I met Andrew Mercer, who is now head of the chemistry department of the shoe factory. He was walking with Vera Williams, who is now clerk in the Golden Rule. Down at the Rose I saw Bessie Shone and Lila Sullivan in a big feature dancing act. It is nice that these girls have won so much fame abroad should come back to devote themselves to the theater of their childhood.

The next day I took an automobile trip up to Willits. There at the post office I saw Dorothy Staley. She had passed the examinations and was now the "best and only" clerk of the Willits post office. On my way back to Santa Rosa I stopped at Windsor school to see Laura Ssrohmeir, who now has the school there.

A few days ago I went up to the old High school. There the most of the faces were new yet a few of the faces of '18 were there to greet me. In the commercial department Mary Tsumaru's smiling face greeted me. She is now filling Mr. McKesson's former position. The other familiar face was that of Grace Johnson, who now has charge of the sewing department.

Tomorrow I think I'll take a little trip back to dear old Sebastopol, the home of my youth, before I go down around the Bay. My! but I have had exciting times! ! Almost too good to be true.

The Last Will

E, the illustrious class of June, 1918, of the Santa Rosa High School, being of sound mind and clear understanding, and knowing the time, after which we shall no longer be shielded by the kind and watchful faculty is near, do deem it necessary to provide for the possessions which we hold dear, and which we will be unable to take with us into the life hereafter. We do, therefor, hereby will and bequeath to members of the Student Body our valued possessions as follows:

To the Junior Class we leave the rightful claim to our seats in the rear of the study hall, which we have occupied for the past year.

To the Sophomores we leave our interest in school affairs, knowing they will uphold our good reputation.

To the Freshmen we leave our studiousness, so they will grow up to be as wise and learned Seniors as we have been.

To the Student Body at large, we leave the reputation for doing everything well that we were intrusted to do.

Our individual bequests as follows:

I, Hazel Fry, do bequeath my interest in motor-

cycles to Tid Wright to enable her to increase the number of her rides. My black velvet dress I leave to Mrs. Yost.

I, Edna Higginson, being of sound mind, leave my interest in Bert to Lou Donie Love. My ability as a scholar I leave to "Cement" Morrill.

I, Bessie Shane, bequeath my reputation as the belle of Windsor to Marian Peterson, so that she will not have to go so far to find popularity. My troubled mind I bequeath to "Baron" Long.

I, George Hoshide, leave to "Bill" Brush my love for keeping my shoes shined. My beloved seat 21, row 1, I leave to John Stump, who has long coveted it.

I, Marie Albers, as the end draws near, do bequeath my interest in the entire opposite sex to any Junior girl with the provision I may return and claim it at any time.

I, Walter Black bequeath to Jewell Hodgson my precious bicycle, hoping it will enable her to reach school by at least 9:30 next term. The art of keeping my hair so sleek I leave to Mervin Finley.

I, Rosalind Bacigalupi, realizing the end is near, do leave my interest in Freshman boys to Irene Davis. My ability as a basketball player I leave to Mabel McKinze.

Being of quiet and good-humored dispositoon, I, Paul Chapman, leave my exclusive style of walking to Jo McCarthy in the hope that the exercise will straighten her.

I, Margaret Daut, leave my treasured powder puff to Lillian Rinner to enable her to keep her nose as white as I have mine. My Theda Bara appearance I will to Ruth Comstock.

I, Anna Lee, leave my soft voice to whoever sits in the front seat in History 12, so that those in the back will fail. My reputation as a heart-breaker I leave to Bernice Cundiff.

I, Elevira Kenworthy, leave to Alice Brown my curls, so that she will refrain from frezzing her hair in front of the basement windows. My ability for getting E's, I leave to Julia Oakes.

As the end approaches, I, Lela Pool, leave my saucy manners toward my teachers to Doug Chisholm, in order that he may not be afraid to speak up.

I, Aileen Donovan, do will and bequeath my painful toothaches to Melvin Brooks, so that he may be able to reduce and find favor with Frieda Walker.

I, Paul Johnson, leave my ability as a chaperone to Cliff Morrill, hoping he will appreciate the position as well as I have. My affections for Miss Haub I leave to any good looking Junior.

Being of a crazed nature, I, Harold McAlpine, leave my great affection for St. Helena to Malcolm Weeks,

hoping he will have as good a time ah I have had. My ability as a yell leader, I leave to Hector Mitchie.

I, Vera Williams, the fasion plate of S. R. H. S., leave my ability to grab all the nice young fellows to Geraldine Brush. My interest in the Business College I leave to any one who cares to take the responsibility.

I, Verrel Weber, leave all my school spirit to Janet Smith. My towering statue I leave to Marian Belden.

I, Lila Sullivan, will unto Marylee Patton my ability to become engaged to before my graduation. My garnet ring I leave to Daniel Wetzel to add to his collection.

I, Alice Kistler, leave my physics binder to some unfortunate Junior, so he may pull an E from Miss Haub. My desire to contradict I leave to John Stump.

Seeing that the end of this world of sorrows is not far off, I, Olga Opland, leave my surprised expression when called upon in chemistry to Ernie Price, to enable him to bluff through as I have. My interest in Helga I wish to take with me.

I, Phyllis Hinckley, after long consideration, leave my beautiful blue satin coat to Marie Roberts, hoping she will wear it in the same becoming manner as I have.

I, Clara Hansen, leave my little grey sweater to Margaret Letold. My small statue I leave to Frank Fenton.

I, Estelle Smith, leave my popularity with Miss

Wilkinson to Verda Davis, so that she will not have to Oregon again.

I, Cedora Ely, leave my knowledge of Spanish to Walter Lamore, providing he will be willing to spend so much time on it as I have. My love for men's attire I leave to Bess Godman.

Knowing what a frivolous reputation I have acquired in High School, I, Ruth Haskell, leave my saucy manner to Edith Broadwell. My beloved curls I leave to Vivian Kidd.

I, Lorene Johnson, leave my beloved "etiquette book" to Lawrence Hart to enable him to make a hit with Bernice Cundiff. The seventy-two buttons on my smock, I leave to the sewing class.

I, Helga Laughlin, leave my grouchy manner to Estelle Hudsan, so that she will not bother so many people with her prattle.

I, Clarence Cooper, the illustrious Student Body President, do leave that position of honor to Perry

I, the illustrious and important Sara Fiske, do will and bequeath my important manner to Mary Stewart. My good looks I leave to Marie Roberts.

Bonar. My interest in Daisy Shone I sadly leave to Verne Smith, who may profit by my absence in working up a disinterested friendship.

Being of sound mind, I, Mildred Bucknum, do hereby bequeath my brilliant recitations in History 12a to Burnett Dibble, who will soon follow in my footsteps.

I, Andrew Lagan, being about to leave good old S. R. H. S., do leave my ability as a baseball crab to Fred Shephard. My love for Mrs. Gray I leave to Douglas Chisholm.

I, Inez Russell, being about to depart on that long last journey, leave my ability for knitting socks to Ernest Allen. My beautiful red hair I leave to Joe Bussman.

I, the beautiful and dignified Marjorie Vaughan, leave my quiet voice and manner to Violet Trudgett, to enable her to have better self-control.

I, Dorothy Staley, leave my season ticket to Monte Rio to Lillian Rinner, so that she may vary her route on her Saturday excursions.

I, Cecil Swanets, leave my ability for keeping track of my numerous pencils to Lenora Shearer, so that she may always be supplied with one. My numerous E's I leave to Milton Saare to enable him to get through High School in six years.

I, Margaret Lambert, do hereby will and bequeath my U. S. History book to Henry Schafer hoping that he will make good use of it.

Since the end is drawing near, I, Mabel Benson, leave my ability as a musician to Bruce Seymour, and hope he will make good use of it in chorus. My good opinion of myself I sadly leave to Bertha Gutermute.

I, Marie Beutel, do hereby will and bequeath my sunny disposition to Frieda Cotrell. My ability as a typewriting shark I leave to Janet Smith, hoping that she will finish her first lesson by the end of the term.

Realizing that the end is drawing near, I, Gladys Woods, bequeath my ability in giving current topics in English to Beatrice Allison.

I, Clair Torr, realizing that my end is near, leave to Helen Crane my set of paper hair ribbons that she may add them to her now meager supply. My ability for getting E's I leave to Donald Kidd, hoping that by this aid he will be able to get into the league track meet next year.

I, Earl Wymore, being of sound mind, and about to take that long dark journey into the beyond, leave my ability as a handball shark to Shannon Turner. My active interest in the fair sex I leave to Russel Merritt.

I, Laura Strothmier, realizing my school days are nearing an end, leave my loud voice and boisterous fanner to Claire Sullivan, hoping she will be able to make herself seen and heard in the future.

Realizing that I am about to depart, I, Eunice Gutermute, leave my fondness for entertaining tennis players over the week-end at Burke's, to my younger sister, Bertha, and my extra credits I leave to Will Carithers.

I, Florence Entzminger, leave my reputation for laughing so loudly at critical moments to Marion Peterson, so that she may possess a little more pep.

I, Alida Showers, will my beloved purple sweater to any one who can afford to have it dyed every week. My unending supply of gum I will to Mary Stewart.

I, Mary Tsumaru, knowing the shock which I received when I found I would graduate will kill me, leave the secret of how I get through High School in two and a half years to Alex Trachman.

I, Ruth Hamner, being about to enter the unknown regions, leave my good opinion of myself to Faye Kroeger. To Anne Shepherd I bequeath my rosy cheeks.

As, I, Helen, Payne, am about to follow in the footsteps of my sister, Frances, I deem it necessary to bequeath my report books one and all to Estella Barnes, if Mr. Steele does not keep them, hoping they will aid her in graduating some eight or nine years hence.

Sorrowfully on departing, I, Grace Johnson, do hereby will and bequeath my power of giving fifteen minute recitations to Hugh Haskell. My preserverience with which I strive for E's, I leave to Juilliard McDonald.

I, Mildred Parish, leave my loud voice to Helen Clark so that she may be more successful attracting Julia's attention, when she desires it.

I, the brilliant Carl Hoyle, leave my success on the debating team to George Long. My interest in the fair sex I leave to any boy in the Junior Class who desires to become as notorious as I have.

I, Edith Price, leave my blue sweater to Bona Griffin, while my beloved curly hair I leave to Marjorie Barnett, so she will refrain from attempting to curl hers.

I, Eloise Robbins, being of unsound mind, leave my exclusive right to dance with Dannie Wetzel to Jerry Brush, and leave my slim figure to Vivian Kidd.

Being ready to go forth from this house of learning, I, Dorothy Adams, sorrowfully leave my bicycle to Pansy Parmater, and my beloved curls to Marian Arnold White. My cantaloupe beads I leave to Virginia Hardinbrook, knowing she will cherish them as I have.

After four years of studious life, I, Laura Wickham, find it necessary to leave my neat hair to Daisy Graham, knowing she covets it. My knitting ability I intrust to Ernest Allen.

All the rest of our estate, real, personal, or mixed, we donate to the Echo, so in case any debts is incurred

by us, the expense will be met with no hardships by the next Senior Class.

Having disposed of our property, we appoint Mr. Montgomery executor of our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our sacred and inviolable names, and affixed our seal this 14th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1918.

Signed Senior Class of June, 1918.

Witnessed by

BETH HASKELL

MARIE ALBERS

ROSALIND BACIGALUPI

HAROLD McALPINE

CLARENCE COOPER

ANDREW LAGAN

VERA WILLIAMS, Chairman

Junior Class

It does not seem that before long we will be having our pictures taken and will be ready for graduation. These two and a half years of our High School life have gone by very fast, and next year, we too, will be proud Seniors. Our Junior year began by electing Sarah Fisk president, and Inez Russell vice president, Marie Roberts and Will Carithers representatives. The officers did their work well. On November 3, a Senior-Junior masquerade party was given us by the Seniors. The evening passed by with dancing, bobbing for apples, and listening to Miss Grey tell our fateful fortunes, (although I have heard since that some of them have come true.

We have been well represented on the track, and are especially proud of our noble basketball manager of last term, Art McDowell.

The members of our class who have taken part in

the athletics this term are Lamore, Cooley, Robinson, Moore and Allen. We took third place in the Inter-Class Field Meet, but you just wait till we get started.

This term the officers elected were Estella Hudson, president; Bess Godman, secretary-treasurer; Helen Crane and Milton Saare, representatives.

A big Junior-Senior picnic was given on the eve of May 1. We all went to Burke on the Mark West Creek about 4:30. We swam, danced and ate hot, sizzling dogs and buns. Frances Pannell furnished the music for the dance, which took place in the dance hall at Burke. We all had to be home at 10 o'clock, much to our regret.

This brought our Junior year to a close, and although we sadly leave our title of Juniors to the Sophomores, we are not unhappy to assume the title of Seniors.
Estelle Hudson, '19.

Sophomore Class

During these last grinding weeks of school when tests seem as terrifying as a whole German army the editor added another load to my weary brain by asking me to write the history of the Sophomore class. While pondering over what I should write my eyes fell upon a finger worn note book which lay in the aisle. Intending to discover the name of the owner I opened it and was surprised to find that we have a promising young poet in our class. Owing to the fact that I am publishing his works I cannot reveal his name. As these poems were about the Sophomore class I selected them for publication.

This shows he has good judgment:

Which class in the old high is best,

Who always passes every test;

Who think the Freshie class a pest?

The Sophomore.

Who's got the pep to make things hum,

Who ne'er shirks duties when they come,

From getting E's to chewing gum?

The Sophomore.

This he had in the sporting column:

In athletics we were slow

But just you never mind
Some day you will see our sprinters go
And leave the rest behind.

Our future champion, Melvin Brooks
A hurdler he will be

He's not so heavy as he looks—

He'll hop 'em like a flea.

Each step that Russell Merritt takes
Measures half a mile.

And Stump's a pie plate record makes
And does it in great style.

This was dated on Friday, May 17, which I recall is
day of the Sophomore picnic.

Dear pup with sides so plump and round,

I'm glad I saved you from the pound.

For in this world there are but few

That are so dear to me as you.

You have no head, you have no tail.

In the butcher shop you are for sale

For picnic grub you can't be beat

You should have seen the sophomores eat!

—DAISY GRAHAM, '20.

Freshmen Class

At last we have reached the end of the first milestone toward success, that is our Freshman year in High. This year has had many important features as well as interesting ones.

Entering into the school last August, one of the first events given us was the reception given us by the Mother's Club and upperclassmen. This was in the nature of a hard times party, and it certainly looked like it to see the costumes worn by the students.

The next event was the school party, which was also well attended by the students.

The entering class in January brought many new and amusing features, in it the most notable being our own original Daniel Wetzel. This class was also welcomed in by a reception, but it was not a hard times party.

Next came the interclass field meet, which, to the surprise of the dignified seniors, won. This was due mostly

to the points of Donald Kidd, Henry Seegelken and Malcolm Weeks. Weeks also went to Stanford to compete in the State meet, and he also placed well up in this event.

In basketball we had Seegelken, Kidd, Copeland and Spooner. This all goes to show what pep we have.

Not only do we excel in athletics, but in other activities such as Red Cross campaigns, Liberty Bond, war savings stamps and junk drives. As our year draws to a close we can look back upon a very brilliant career, full of many events.

Having outgrown our baby clothes, (although we never had any) we have shown the other classes what they have run up against when they tackle us.

As we have passed our first milestone toward success we as a class, will our long baby clothes to the next unfortunate Freshmen.

—JACK DONOVAN.

JUNIORS SENIOR GIRLS DEBATING ALUMNI

GOVERNING
BOARD



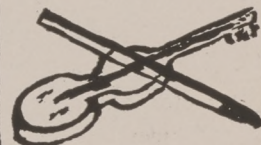
STUDENT BODY

BOOK EXCHANGE

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES



WEEKLY GYMNASTIC BAND ORCHESTRA



AK

The Associated Student Body



CLARENCE COOPER, President

OFFICERS

President.....	Clarence Cooper
First Vice-President.....	Perry Bonar
Second Vice-President.....	Myrtle Palton
Secretary.....	Sara Fisk
Treasurer.....	Miss Fisher
Faculty Representative.....	Mr. I. D. Steele

This year the associated Student Body has, in common with all other student body organizations, felt the influence of the war time. Our usual interests and activities, therefore have, to a degree, given precedence to the unusual, the more vital—the different war activities.

The students have been called upon to do their bit, and have responded splendidly, as the establishment of the Junior Red Cross, the conduct of the Liberty Bond drive, the Belgian Relief, the raising of funds for Red Cross materials, fully testify.

But in answering this new call to duty, the call to membership in the student body has been somewhat overlooked. We have had a good membership, but there has not been the general response there should have been. The rallies, to be sure, have been fine, but, fellow students, it takes your financial, as well as your moral support to make a success of our drive to hold our place in the High School world.

The members of the Governing Board have attended the meetings faithfully and the reticence of the first few meetings has developed into a fine exchange of ideas and opinions. This is as it should be—this works for spirit, unity and success.

Considering the many calls upon the time, as well as

money, of the students out of school as well as in, probably our games have had their quota in attendance. This, at times, was good but others not so encouraging to our teams.

But in both what has been accomplished during the

year and in the general spirit of helpfulness pervading our school, we may take just pride. To the students who have worked for these ends, I extend my sincere thanks.

Clarence Cooper

Governing Board

The regular meetings of the Governing Board held during the year were presided over by the Student Body President, Clarence Cooper. Much standing business was handled, such as track and basket ball expenses, which come up before the school boards every year.

During the year the Board sent our president to Bakersfield to a convention of delegates from the schools all over the state.

Debating was taken up in the second term, and Carl Hoyle was elected representative on the board. The team was granted, and debates held of which one was a success.

Baseball, with Andrew Lagan as manager, is prov-

ing a great success. Several games have been granted the boys already.

Although the Board has discussed the matter of student dues faithfully at every meeting, very little has been done about it, consequently the funds in the treasury became so short that the Board was compelled to vote for the discontinuance of the Weekly for the remainder of the term. Also the matter of a Student Body entertainment was left until so late, that it was decided to let it go for this term.

These matters were the most important handled by the Board during the year. Much more might have been accomplished had not the many calls for money on account of the war kept the students from paying in the money which is so necessary to any school activity.

Junior-Senior Girls' Organization

PATRIOTIC ISSUES have been paramount in the year's activities. Hence the Junior-Senior girls have devoted less of their time to the social activities than formerly. Only the large parties have been given a tea dance to welcome the fall class of freshmen girls, a Red Cross candy sale, and the annual Hi-Jinks, have been the three great events of the year.

The freshman class was greeted during one of the first weeks of the fall by a reception given in their honor. Each freshman girl was escorted by an upper-class girl, who saw the stranger was made to feel at home. At the door little boy programs were given to all the girls.

The first part of the program was called the "Hickville Opera." Alida Showers played some most "beautiful" selections on her violin with one string. She was accompanied by Bess Godman at the piano. If this was a sample of Hickville Opera, Hickville is certainly to be envied, for the numbers rendered were very enjoyable, in fact our sides ached for a long while afterwards from laughing so hard.

Following this Miss Helen Crane gave a reading. Her impersonation of a small girl was very cleverly done.

The last number on the vodvil program was called a Musical Duo. Miss Bess Godman impersonated the char-

acter of an Italian organ grinder. She was assisted by Marion Belden, who acted the part of the organ grinder's monkey. The entire act was exceedingly fascinating, and made a fitting conclusion to the clever program.

After the vodvil, the floor was cleared for dancing. No one was without partners, for the upperclass girls gladly offered to serve as men. All the "Freshies" danced until they were tired. Then ice cream cones were passed. After the refreshments, they danced a few more times then went home tired out, but closer in touch with the upper class girls. Helen Payne, as president of the association, had charge of the affair and was one of the greatest factors in making it a success.

Later, in December, although deep in the campaign for the Red Cross membership drive, the girls found time to hold a Candy Sale.

Under the able direction of Marjorie Vaughan, candy was solicited and put in bags ready for the sales. The sale opened at the beginning of the morning recess. By the first of the third period, all the candy was sold and the proceeds were handed over to Mr. Montgomery, who was to hand it over to the Red Cross. Thus in fifteen minutes, over sixteen dollars was made for the Red Cross.

The Hi-Jinks, the biggest event of the year, was held early in February to welcome the girls that entered after Christmas time. On the evening of the Jinks, girls in all kinds of costumes could be seen entering the gymnasium, (at least, they could be seen the early part of the evening.) About half past eight o'clock the Annex was immersed with darkness. The fates had decreed that upon that night we should have no electric lights. For a while, the girls danced by the light of one electric flash light, hoping that the lights would soon come back on; but as time went on and no lights appeared, a messenger was sent to the "corner grocery" to purchase candles. Those were lighted and held by the mothers. This was a great service, for without the ring of candles around the room, the party might have been very dismal. The girls appreciated the kindness of the mothers very much. The lights from the candles cast a wierd glow over the scene, as the whirl of dancers passed here and there kaleidoscopically. It created much fun since the girls were not so easily identified as they would have been in the bright electric glare. It was indeed a motley crowd. Dignified seniors became little girls and boys; all parts of the orient and occident were representsd; our teachers appeared in the form of everything from a hula- hula dancer and an imp to a man and a little girl.

After dancing a little while, the curtain was raised and a wedding ceremony was performed. Down the aisle came the wedding party. The ring bearer and the flower girl preceded the beautiful bride, who carried a marvelous bou-

quet of vegetables, and the distinguished looking groom. The train bearers and the elegantly attired bridesmaids brought up in the rear. Awaiting the bridal party were the father and mother, with the children. The minister read the most impressive ceremony. (We certainly thot it impressive when we had to control our convulsive merriment.) Immediately following the ceremony the limosine arrived for the bride and groom. They embarked on their honeymoon, not caring if the coach did not quite hold both of them. Those impersonating the different characters were:

The bride.....	Verrel Weber
The groom.....	Alida Showers
The negro minister.....	Helen Crane
Father	Beatrice Allison
Mother.....	Helen Payne
Two children.....	Daisy Shone and Aileen Donovan
Ring bearer.....	Marie Roberts
Train bearers.....	Jewel Hodgson and Vera Williams
The brides maids...	Rosalind Bacigalupi and Lela Pool
Chauffeur.....	Elaine Nielsen

After dancing awhile, the girls gathered again in the front of the gymnasium, this time to watch the drama of school life. Bess Godman, impersonating Miss Sinkor Swim, the teacher, was indeed clever. In her the teachers saw themselves, pictured as they are supposed to act. Miss Sinkor Swim carried on her school in a very dignified manner, rewarding the best pupil, "dear Percival Spriggins" with smiles and making the other scholars "remain the

nineth period." Among the pupils were Philip Space, Hez-za Liar, Howit Tickle, Aileen Sideways, Snowball Coco, and many other interesting characters.

After some more dancing, two kinds of ice cream were passed. There was a great deal of ice cream and everyone had at least two cones.

Then the girls formed in line and marched past the judges, who awarded the prizes for the best costumes. Miss Katherine Pressley was given the prize for the most beautiful costume. The judges were fair in their choice, which was necessarily hard to choose. Katherine was charming in her naive Turkish costume, which savored of the "magic East." The other prize was awarded to Miss Ruth Comstock, who was dressed as a half boy-half girl, for the most original costume. Every detail of her dress was worked out completely. One side was clothed in white middy and skirt with a white hat on her head, while the otherside was clothed in a boys knickerbocker suit with a

cap on her head.

The candles were extinguished and everyone was on her way home by twelve o'clock. The party was a great success, due, in a great part, to the efforts of Laura Wickham, the president of the Junior-Senior girls association for this last term.

Thus the activities of the girls are ended for the year. Though the "affairs" have not been numerous, everything that has been tried has been a great success. This was largely due to the organization, for everyone worked together. Miss Helen Payne was chosen president for the first term, with Beatrice Allison and Mae Bradford for the secretary and treasurer. After the reception to the freshmen girls, Helen Payne resigned and Marjorie Vaughan was chosen to fill her office. The officers for the last term are:

Laura Wickham, President

Daisy Shone, Vice-President

Aline Kistler, Secretary and Treasurer

The S. R. H. S. Weekly

The weekly has not been a great success this year. The student body did not pay their dues as well as usual. Perhaps it was on account of the war that advertisers have not helped us as much as last year, but whatever the reasons, the weekly has been practically a failure.

Since Verrel Weber has been editor-in-chief, the staff has shown wonderful improvement. Not only were the

columns of the weekly full of local items, but the news was written in a snappy, interesting style.

Money was raised to clear the debt left by last year's annual, and the staff of this year is hoping to leave this term without a dollar's debt to be cleared by the next year's senior class.

The Orchestra

The past year has been a period of diligent work for the orchestra. Although not much has been heard of this organization in a public way, nevertheless, it has flourished. Under the direction of Mr. Roy Blosser, the orchestra has made considerable progress. Although the orchestra lost a number of its best and most experienced players with last year's graduating class, the vacancies have been rapidly filled up with new recruits.

Since last term very little playing has been done before the Student Body, with the exception of the first Student Body program, that was given last term, so that the school, as a whole, have not been able to perceive the improvement over last year.

Orchestra practice has been held every Monday,

Wednesday and Friday morning of this term, and although it has been somewhat of a task for all the members to appear on time, very few have disappointed Mr. Blosser.

The members of the orchestra are as follows:

Piano—Laura Wickham.

First Violins—Margery Moore, Drusilla Talbot, Ruth Feliz.

Second Violins—Judson Steele, Ellsworth Barnett, Helen Chakuran.

Cornets—Meta Moore, Arthur Swanets.

Clarinet—Harold Nielsen.

French Horn—Casseux Hall.

Drum—Jack Robinson.

School Savings Bank

The School Savings Bank has certainly been an essential factor in the school life and interest this term, and has occupied a large place in our school activities. Through the school bank the Liberty Loan campaign in the school was carried on, and it was due to this fact

that the school reached its quota in such a short time.

This term when the War Saving Stamp drive was on, over fifteen hundred dollars was taken in by the Bank through the sale of these stamps. The purpose of this campaign was to try and "break" the teachers;

and from the amount of stamps sold, this worthy object was done.

Although considerable amount of the deposited in the bank was drawn out at Christmas time, and for

Liberty Loan Bonds and War Saving Stamps, a large amount still remains deposited in the Bank.

The officers for this term are Henry Shafer cashier, and Mary Tsamuri, assistant cashier.

Henry Schaefer.

Debating

Much enthusiasm has been shown this year in debating. A team was organized and two debates were held.

The first debate was with Sonoma on December 18th. We received the challenge but a few weeks before the debate, so it was only by dint of persistent work that the team from here was able to enter at all.

The question was: "Resolved, that the State of California should adopt compulsory health insurance." Santa Rosa upheld the affirmative side. The members of the two teams were:

Affirmative, Santa Rosa—Verrel Weber and Carl Hoyle, Harold McAlpine, Alma Kistler.

Negative, Sonoma—Stuart Potter, Lester Hawkins, Rodney Prestwood, Don Bluxom.

The judges were: Judge Vaughan of Santa Rosa, Mr. Deering of Sonoma, Mr. Redding of University of California.

The decision was awarded to the affirmative. This victory was very encouraging, for none of our debaters had had any previous experience.

The other debate was a double one with Petaluma: "Resolved, that California should adopt the Single Tax," was the question of debate.

Those debating at Santa Rosa were:

Affirmative—Harold McAlpine and Shannon Turner of Santa Rosa.

Negative—Waldo Brown and Miss Esther Peder-
sen of Petaluma.

Those who debated at Petaluma were:

Affirmative—Charles Wilson and Miss Mercy Meyer of Petaluma.

Negative, Carl Hoyle and Miss Verrel Weber of Santa Rosa.

The judges at Santa Rosa were: W. N. Green of the University of California, J. E. Olmsted, Petaluma;

C. A. Pool, Santa Rosa.

The judges at Petaluma were: B. S. Hanim, University of California; H. W. Wood, Petaluma; R. M. Barrett, Santa Rosa.

The decision was unanimous for the affirmative at Petaluma, and two to one for the negative at Santa Rosa. The defeat of S. R. H. S. was disappointing, but under the circumstances, it was felt that they did very well. But one week before the debate, Mr. Montgomery, the coach, became ill, hence was unable to

help them in the final preparations. One of the members of the team was called away but a day before the debate, so the alternate, Shannon Turner, was obliged to give his date with only a few days preparation.

Another debate was scheduled for the early part of May, but it was called off on account of the many conflicting activities.

Increased enthusiasm was being shown for the last debate, and it is to be hoped that next year much may be accomplished along the line of debating.

Alumni

The Alumni Association of the S. R. H. S. was organized in 1895. The first class consisted of seven members while the class of 1917 had over sixty members. The Alumni Association has made a steady growth since that time both in numbers and influence. It was established for the fostering of the interests of the S. R. H. S. graduates and to promote good-fellowship among its members.

Among the more recent graduates, of whom special mention should be made, are our boys who have entered some branch of the service of Uncle Sam. Among these are: Army, Mervyn Burke, '16; Chauncey Peterson, '15; Merton Meeker, '17; Tom Miller, '16; Amandus Kistler, '16; Edward Koford, '16; Arthur Meese, '13; Arthur England, '13; John Mathews, '13, Theodore Mathews, '15.

Navy, Gilbert Trasper '17, Marion Monroe '13, Dale Hollingsworth '16, Leo Sullivan '16, Edsmond Monroe.

Those attending U. C. are Roene Emery '17, Legro Pressley '17, Donald Carithers '17, Ione Long, Frederick Kellog, '17, Vera Stump '17, George Marvin, '17, Samuel Kistler '17, Leonard Talbot '17, Wesley Kline '17. Francis Payne '17, Dwight Barnett '17, Earl Covey '17, are attending Stanford.

Many of the past graduates of S. R. H. S. are attending Business, among them are Elrene Brown, '17, Harriet Bussman '17, Angelina Lepori '17, Powell McDowell '17, Susie Marnell '17, Geraldine Gnesa '17, Augusta Pedrotti '17, rude Matthew '17, Agnetta Nelson '17, Edith Miller '17, Gladys Swanets '17.

Irene Bacigalupi '17 has announced her engagement to Fred Pederson.

Lucy Brewer '16, is now Mrs. Wayne Weeks.

Irene Nathanson '17 is now attending San Francisco normal.

Those who have remained at home are Peter Maroni

'17, Melba Kenig, '17 Ardella Arnold '17, Arne Hansen '17, and Edna Austin '17.

Anne Fisk '16 is now Mrs. Leo Sullivan.

Hazel Cooper, '17, Marie Morris '17, and Helen Miller '17 have successfully passed the teacher's examinations and are now teaching school.

S. R. H. S. Faculty Play

The High School Faculty entertained Wednesday afternoon at the Annex, and put on a program to the delight of the parents and students.

There were really three parts to the program, for each member of the faculty had to have a part. The first was "An Old Fashioned Photograph Album." Next came the "Old Maid's Chorus." The album was a big hit. Miss O'Meara preceded each "likeness" with a jingle, and then the curtain was drawn to show a member of the faculty all dolled up to represent "Uncle Zeke," who "fit in the rebellion," or Aunt Mary, who was taken to rest many years ago with a "Misery in her side"; and "all sich like picters."

Following this was the aofresaid "Old Maid's Chorus," and Miss Edna O'Connor's movie play, "Parted Asunder, or How Nineteen Bandits Bite the Dust."

"Jim," the poor, but honest hero, was taken by William Farnum Maile; Jack Dalton, a regular old three-time villyun, was Douglas Fairbanks Blosser; "Hiram Scroggins," whose name tells what kind of a character he is, was Charlie Chaplin McKesson, funny legs and all; "Daughter Nell," heeroine, with a tear in her eye and a buckwheat cake on her hand, was Miss Alice Rowells Weir; "Ma Scroggins," like pa, known from her name, was Miss Theda Bara Fisher; "Black Pedro," the bandit, Bad Bill Hart Cloney; and Herbert Shames, the sleuth who kept on the trail, was Wallace Reid Hauck. Suffice to say the play ended happily, as all good plays should.

The affair was in the nature of a benefit for the High School paper, the Echo, and was most successful from a literary, social and financial point of view.

Athletics

Track

As a whole the track events of 1917-1918 have not been as successful as might have been wished. The first track event was the four corner meet held at Santa Rosa during the September of 1917. The track meet was won by Ukiah, but Santa Rosa came in a close second. The next track event was the Interclass meet held during the latter part of April. The meet was won by the Freshmen, with the seniors second, juniors third and sophomores last.

Clarence Cooper was individual star for the meet, scoring a total of 16 points; Seegelken, a freshman of great ability, was second with 14½ points, while Kidd placed third.

N. C. S. of C. I. F.

The annual field meet of the northwestern section of the California Interscholastic Federation was held at Berkeley this year. Santa Rosa High sent two representatives, Weeks and Cooper. Cooper failed to place in the javelin, while Weeks placed third in the eight pound shot.

It is our desire that next year our school will be represented by a larger number of athletes.

S. N. S. C. A. L.

The three counties meet was held on the track at St. Helena this year. Our team, weakened by the loss of Seegelken, Kidd and Moore, entered with little hope of capturing

honors. However, our men made a good showing, bringing home two gold and two bronze metals. Cooper was our main point getter, placing first in the javlin and broad jump, Lamore secured third in the pole vault, while McAlpine was fourth in the shot. We had little hopes of placing in the relay, but Cooper's phenomenal work in the second lap and McAlpine's in the last brought us second place.

Vallejo carried off the honors of the day with 48 points the others were Analy second with 45, St Helena 18, Santa Rosa 16, Healdsburg 15, Armijo (Suisun) 12, Napa 11.

BASKET BALL

Our basketball season this year was an exceptionally good one, the team was a cracker jack, the rooters always on hand and full of pep, with this combination, little short of a wonderful season could be expected.

The team was made up of practically new men, Babe Spooncer being the only one left from last year's team. Babe was, as even all his opponents will agree, a fine player while Joel Mallory played with him in a very creditable manner. The combination of Spooncer and Mallory as forwards always spelled "victory" for S. R. H. S. Our

guards, Seegelken, Logan, and Herbert kept our opponents from scoring too many points, while Edwin Moore, an entirely new man, did very good work as center.

The season's scores follow:

S. R. H. S., 11 Sonoma 6; S. R. H. S., 20, Analy 37; S. R. H. S., 30, Sonoma, 35; S. R. H. S., 34, St. Helena 21; S. R. H. S., 20, Cogswell, 38; S. R. H. S., 33, Petaluma 31; S. R. H. S., 25, Analy, 41; S. R. H. S., 26, Ukiah S. R. H. S., 49, Calistoga 60; S. R. H. S. Healdsburg Home Guards, 21; S. R. H. S., 39, St. Helena, 31; S. R. H. S., 28, Healdsburg, 10.

The 130 pound team made a better record than the first team this season, playing fine balls and losing only one game

The captain and mainstay of the team was Joel Malory, who has the distinction of being the largest individual point getter of the season, both teams included.

Others who played on the team and received either blocks or numerals were Kidd, Lamore Karnes, Wright and McDowell.

Much credit is due coach Steele for the keen interest he has taken in the sports. Manager McDowell is to be congratulated for the manner in which he filled his position.

The baseball started the season with only three of last year's players, which practically necessitated the formation of an entirely new team. Despite this handicap and

having no home diamond, the team made a good showing. They defeated all the teams which they met with the exception of our old rival, Sonoma.

Babe Spooncer, Manager Lagan, Captain Coaley and "Cement" Morrill were the best the team possessed. Lagan and Spooncer pitched and caught interchangeably, Coaley played second and caught while Morrill played shortstop.

The support that the team got from the school was shameful. At the last Sonoma game there were about fifteen spectators. Wake up, students! Show some pep and enthusiasm! Get out and boost the team and cheer the fellows to victory.

An official box score was not kept, the following are the only results obtainable:

Sonoma, 8; S. R. H. S. 2; Analy, 6, S. R. H. S. 7; Healdsburg, 1; S. R. H. S., 2; Sonoma, 17, S. R. H. S. 8; Petaluma 2, S. R. H. S., 5.

N. W. L. OF C. I. F.

In the Northwestern section of the California Inter-Scholastic Federation track meet we were represented by ten men. Nearly every one of our athletes brought home medals, which they were duly proud of. Don Kidd, '21, was our chief point getter. This was Don's first big meet, and he brought home a gold, a silver and a bronze medal. These he secured by placing first in the 100; second, in the 120, and by running the last and best lap in the relay.

Girls' Athletics

BASKET BALL this year has not been a very great success. There has been lack of enthusiasm and interest on the part of both the student body and the basket ball girls themselves. The girls were given the gymnasium for practice on Mondays and Wednesdays, and Miss Rued kindly consented to act as coach. Later, because of Miss Rued's living in the country, Mr. Wilson took charge of the team. When Mr. Wilson joined the Y. M. C. A., "Babe" Spooncer helped teach the girls the tricks of the game.

The girls who did turn out for basket ball did splendid work, and deserve credit. Our star and captain, Verrel Weber, did her best in all games and was always admired for her splendid playing.

The members of the teams are: forwards, Alida Showers and Beatrice Allison; centers, Dorothy Adams and Verrel Weber; guards, Daisy Shone and Mabel McCause; substitutes, Edith Moore and Rosalind Bacigulupi.

The first game of the season was a practice game with the Analy Hi girls. Our girls were defeated by a score of

14 to 7. Shortly after this, our girls defeated the Sonoma girls with a score of 24 to 11. This was the girls first game on the home field, and many good plays were scored.

At St. Helena, our team was badly defeated, coming home with a score of 19 to 0. This defeat made the team more determined to make a better showing in the return game with St. Helena.

Our next game was with Calistoga on December 14, and we were again defeated with a score of 30 to 15.

January 18 our girls played a return game with Calistoga and the game ended with a score of 42 to 17 in favor of the latter. A noticeable improvement had been made under the careful guidance of Will Spooncer.

In a return game with St. Helena, the score "piled up" 19 to 9 in favor of our opponents. The defeat, however, was not so discouraging, for it was not so bad as that of the first game with the team.

The last game of the season was played with the Business College girls and resulted in a victory for our team.



DEFINITIONS FOR SOLDIER BOYS

Infantry—A place where they keep infants.
 Marine Corps—A man who gets drowned.
 Navy—A species of bean.
 "Attention"—Liked by the girls.
 Colonel—The inside of a nut.
 Corps—The center of an apple.
 Knapsack—A sleeping bag.
 Division—A process in arithmetic.
 Mess—Chop suey.
 First Aid—That Latin pony.
 Cross (Red)—Iron, and the faculty.
 Attack—A small nail.

Art. McD.—"Oh, Doctor, wont you give me something for my head?"

Doctor—"No, I wouldn't have it as a gift."

Teacher—"Johnnie, correct this sentence, 'Our teacher am in sight.'"

Bright Freshman—"Our teacher am a sight."

Freshie—"Say, paw, I can't get these examples, teacher said something about having to find a common divisor."

Paw (in disgust)—"Great Scott, haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were hunting for it when I was a boy."

Mother—"I don't object to your marrying that young representative, Aline, but I am afraid he doesn't stand very high in the political world."

She—"Oh, yes he does, mother. He's already been investigated by five committees."

WANTS COMPANY

"What is your reason for saying you wont enlist unless you are sent to the Seventy Third Infantry?" questioned the recruiting officer.

Bruce S. "Because I want to be near my brother that is in the Seventy-Fourth."—Ex.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of this age, just laugh at the age of the jokes.—Ex.

STATE OF MIND

Earl W.—"On my army application blank there is a place to tell the condition of the mind. What would you advise me to answer?"

E. Kenworthy—"Leave it blank."

HER WILLINGNESS

Clair Torr—"You must have been dreaming of some one proposing to you last night, Dorothy."

D. Adams—"How is that?"

C. Torr—"Why, I heard you for a whole quarter of an hour crying out 'yes!' "

Henry S.—A man fell down stairs and cured himself of the rheumatism by breaking his legs."

Joel M.—That's nothing. I knew of a man who fell down stairs and cured himself of the tonsilitis by breaking his neck."

AN IDEA

M. Daut—"What are you doing with that pig in the sea?"

S. Fisk—"I am making salt pork of him before I kill him."

Ed Mc—"Say, did you ever get a job from Mr. Fritz Funk?"

Harold B.—"I did."

Edison—"Well, I am glad. Your employer is a fine man. You can't do too much for him."

Bumbaugh—"Say! I don't intend to."

Husband—"You want a bonnet and I want a pair of trousers, and I only have ten dollars."

Wife (sobbing)—"Do you think I can get a bonnet for ten dollars do you?"—Ex.

Miss Haub—"That fellow reminds me of a flower."

Miss Fisher—"What kind?"

Miss Haub—"A blooming idiot."



"MODESTY"



AMONG
the Natives.



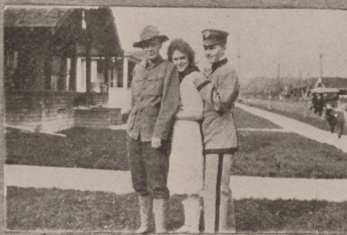
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W. Black—"Aw shut up!"

Walter D.—"You are the biggest fool around here."

Miss Gray (excitedly)—"You forget, boys, I am here."

Teacher (in agriculture)—"How should the weeping willow be planted?"

Hopeless Edison—"In tiers."

HIGHLY INDIGNANT

"What! Pete Moore whip me?" exclaimed Frank Fenton, pugilist, scornfully.

"Yes, I think he could," replied a bystander.

"Lick me? Me! Why Pete Moore can't lick a postage stamp."

I'M FROM MISSOURI

Verne S.—"My bull pup has ten tails."

Beatrice A.—"Nonsense, sir."

Verne—"Well, I can prove it; my dog has one more tail than no dog, and no dog has nine tails; so if my dog has one more tail than no dog, he must have ten tails."

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

Some people talk because talk is cheap.

V. Weber—"Say, Daisy, how can I prevent the cold in my head from getting into my lungs?"

D. Shore—"Tie a knot in your neck."

Whatever trouble Adam had,

No man could make him sore

By saying, when he cracked a joke,

"Oh, Pshaw! I've heard that one before."

TOO OFTEN DOWN

"Do you go in for aviation?" he asked the beauty of the high-class girls' school.

"No, not for aviation. One goes in for sea bathing, but for aviation one goes up."—Ex.

Says I to myself, say I

The "Echo" is

The annual to buy, say I.—Ex.

Cedora E. (hearing of a wonderful musician, concluded to take lessons from him, and inquired of his terms. The answer was, "Six dollars for the first month and three dollars for the second month.")

"Then," said Cedora, "I'll take the second month."

AN EXPLANATION

"I gave up Jonah," said the whale,

Who lately came to town

Because I knew I could not keep

A good man D

O

W

N

—Ex.

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HONEST

Miss Fisher—"Can you make the punch for the reception?"

Art McD.—"I've a punch that will knock them out in one round."

GOOD ONE

Elmer N.—"Fred, did I ever tell you the story about the dirty window?"

Fred S.—You did not. Tell me about it."

Elmer —"No use, you couldn't see through it."

CONSIDERATE

C. Hoyle—"Who will we send to break the sad news to the poor widow?"

E. Allen—"We'd better send W. Dayhuff to break it to her gradually, because he stammers."—Ex.

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE

An Irishman and a Jew were traveling together in the country. They lost their way and asked the next farmer they met which of the roads ahead led to a certain town, Sebastopol. The farmer, with a merry twinkle in his eyes and a knowing wink, said, "Follow your noses."

"But," they exclaimed, "we wanted to go together."
—Ex.

FORETHOUGHT

"I think we will take up the collection before the sermon today," decided the minister, "for I am going to preach on conservation."

A GOOD SUGGESTION

Poet—"I seek a phrase that shall express the joy of life in two words. Can you suggest anything?"

.. Unfeeling friend—"Received payment."—Ex.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT"

Clair S.—"What caused the death of Miss Wirt?" ..

H. Crane—"She dreamt she was a frog and croaked."

Captain Hall (to his company)—"Right dress." (Noticing that Lieutenant Fuller was a little behind the line.)
"Fuller, up a little."—Ex.

He called her lily, pansy, rose,
And every flower of spring;
She said, "I can't be all of those
So you must li-lac everything."—Ex.

Ernie P.— (after bumping his head)—"Ouch! I hurt my crazy bone."

REALLY?

Speaking of war, it suddenly came over Douglas C. that it would be sweet to ide in arms.

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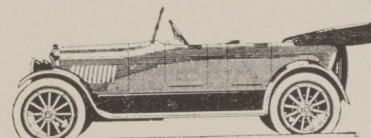
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CHISHOLM — HAVN'T GOT IT
MYSELF, WHAT KIND OF
A CAR DID YOU BUY.



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HAS GOT A LOCO.

JOHNSON — TOO BAD,
THE LAST I HEARD, HE
HAD A CARBUNCLE.



P OP
STEELE —

W. H. P. 20

Fred Hartsook

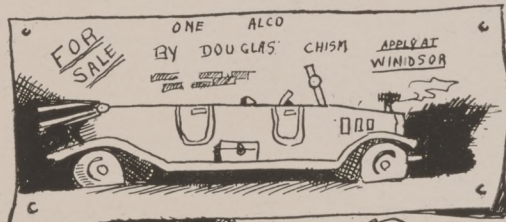
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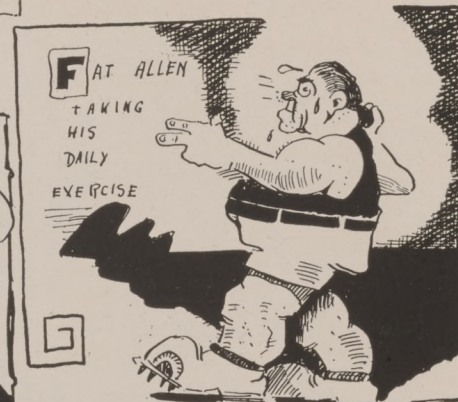


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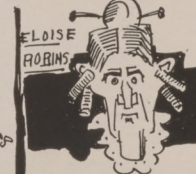
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A is for Alida, who always is late,
B stands for Black, he's our fashion plate.
C is for Clarence, Miss Daub he annoys,
D for Damain, the wildest of boys.
E is for "Edie," with curly hair,
F for Frieda, whom Mac thinks a "bear."
G is for Ginney, that "devilish" boy
H for Calo Hoyle, debating's his only joy.
I is for Ichabad, Mr. Steele, you know,
J is for "Jazz", which the senior do show.
K for Miss Koepke, with styles always new,
L is for Lauras, of them we have two.
M, Margaret Lambert, ever knitting sox,
N for Noone, who has the small-pox.
O, Miss O'Meara, whom the Freshmen all fear,
P stands for Peggy Dont, and power, too, 'tis queer.
Q stands for queerest, but who can that be?
R for Restless, when she sits on his knee.
S for school spirit, which we all should show,
T, Mary Tsmaru, her lesson always she knows,
U stands for useless, and many of us are that,
V is for Vera, that girl who's so fat.
W is whiskers, or promising stubble
X is for x's, which cause us much trouble.
Y for Letty Yost, Miss Howard's soul-mate,
Z for, well, I'll now close, for its late.

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Short Stories—Excuses made to Monty for tardiness
Century—Civics period

Mr. Maile (pointing to Tropic of Cancer)—"Can anyone tell me what this is called?"

"Can's Sir."

Mr. Maile,— "Correct."

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO

Ernie—I wonder what color my mustach will be when it comes out?"

Sara—"Gray from the way it is growing."

THE TORRID ZONE

She—"I have a friend that suffers terribly from the heat."

He—"Where does he live?"

She—"He isn't living."

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Sara (on taking seat offered her by Ernest in a crowded car)—“Oh! Ernie, you are a jewel.

Ernie—“You are mistaken. I am a jeweler, and I just set the jewel.”

Perry B.—Was it you that I kissed in the dark corner of the garden the other night?”

Fair Dame—“About what time was it?”

Ernest Allen (in Coffee Club)—“Waiter, do you call that a pork shop? Why, it would be an insult to a pig to call it that.”

Waiter—“Oh, I did not mean to insult you.”

Henry Schafer (on way to school)—What makes that bad smell about the post office?”

Frank Fenton—“I guess it must be the dead letters.”

JAILLESS CRIMES

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Little chickens on the lea

Honk! Honk! Fricassee!—Ex.

“See here, Austria, if you were Hungary, why were you not Russian for Turkey fried in Greece? Servia right if you're Balkan over a little thing like that.”

Mr. Steele—“Who was the originator of the famous Rough Riders?”

Bruce S.—“Henry Ford.”

Mr. Maile—“Fools often ask questions that wise men cannot answer.”

Russel M.—“I guess that is why I flunked in that history test.”

Miss Howard (to an annoying student)—Paul, please come up and sit down in front.”

Paul J.—“Excuse me, I am not built that way.”

Mrs. Smith (to daughter)—What did your partner say to you during the dance?”

Janet—“He said that life was a desert before he met me.”

Mrs. Smith—That's easy to believe, for he dances like a camel.”—Ex.

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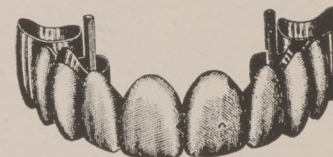
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Miss Fisher—"What did Caesar exclaim when Brutus stabbed him?"

Bright Art McD.—"Ouch!"

Miss O'Conner—"What animal is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment?"

D. Wetzel—"The moth; it eats nothing but holes."

HOW TRUE

Laugh and the class laughs with you

Laugh and you laugh alone;

The first joke is the teacher's

The second one is your own.

Butcher—Shall I dress this chicken for you, ma'am?

Bride—"Er—I hardly know what they are wearing this summer."

SHE FELT SO

Lady (hiring cook)—Are you unattached at present?

Applicant—Oh! I think I am; I dressed in a hurry, mum!

Kind lady—"If I gave you this dime you wont use it to get drunk again, will you?"

Tramp—No'm. I couldn't get drunk on a dime.

YES

Ernie—"Will you lend me your face, Ed?"

Ed—"What for, Ernie?"

Ernie—"To go begging with."

Ed—"Is yours worn out already?"

WHOA! SH!

Pat (to parrot that had just finished whistling, "God Save the Queen")—Begorra! Its a dum good thing ye have got green feathers on yez; if ye was a canary I would twist the neck off yez!"—Ex.

REALLY?

McAlpine—"I say, Cooper, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?"

Cooper—"Oh-ho! I should say so."

McAlpine—"Well, how?"

Cooper—"By the teeth."

McAlpine—"Chickens don't have teeth."

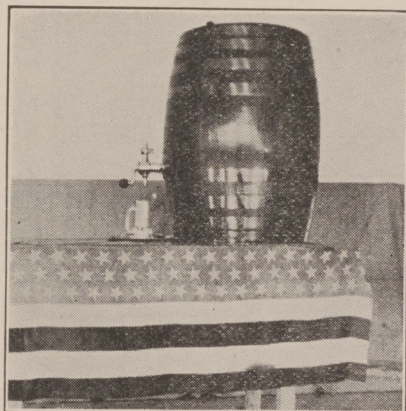
Cooper—No, but I have."

Don Kid—"There's one thing puzzles me; it is a problem that I can't figure out by arithmetical methods."

M. Weeks—"Give it to me."

Don—"Suppose I would drink out of a demijohn of whisky more than one-third and not quite one half. What would I have?"

Weeks—"Delirium tremens as near as I can figure it."



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GENEROUS

Fair Autoist (who had broken down on the road)—pardon me, sir, but have you an extra plug?"

Rural Gent—"No ma'am, but you are welcome to a chew of mine, ma'am.

Dear Bill:—Come tomorrow evening, sure. Papa is at home, but is laid up with a sore foot.—Kitty.

Dear Kitty—Can't come tomorrow night. I am laid up with your father's sore foot.—Bill

"Pray let me kiss your hand," said he

.. With looks of burning love.

"I can remove my veil," said she

"Much easier than my glove."

THIS IS A DEEP ONE

Harold B.—"Yes, I always wear gloves at night, they make one's hands so soft."

Tid Wright—"And do you sleep with your hat on, too?"

Three is a crowd, and there were three:

The girl, the parlor lamp and he;

Two is company, and no doubt,

That is why the lamp went out.

DEEP

Miss Wirt (to Laura coming to class late)—Ah! At last you are first. You were always behind before.

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SURE THING

Mr. Steele—"Name some of the most important things existing today which were unknown one hundred years ago."

"Coop"—"You and me."

SHORT RATIONS

"Fat Brown"—"Something is preying on my mind."

Will Carithers—"It must be pretty hungry."

CUGHT

Nuddler—"Ever read 'Looking Backward'?"

Scrub—"Yes, once in an exam., and I was canned for it."

ONE FOR THE CHEM. SHARK

Marjorie V.—"Will my hair turn blue if I put litmus on it?"

Miss Gray—"Not unless you are a cabbage head."

PROOF

"How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

"Look at the spelling."

Harold (day of St. Helena field meet)—"What did the weather man say to-day? How about a shower?"

Don Kidd (got out of wrong side of bed)—"Don't ask me. If you need one, take it."

Alida—"The frog died when he was arrested."

Miss McKay—"Where did you see that?"

Alida—"On page 338 it says, 'The frog croaked when he was pinched.'—Ex.

THE VERY IDEA

Mistress (to new servant)—"We have breakfast generally about 8 o'clock."

New Servant—"Well, mum, if I aint down to it, don't wait."—Ex.

THE ONE WITH LACE TRIMMINGS

S. Turner—"I was up at the menagerie yesterday afternoon."

R. Dunbar—"Oh, I was there, too."

Turner—"By my soul, I was looking for you. which cage were you in?"

HOW HE FELT

C. Morrill—"What was the trouble, Elmer, between you and Lagan?"

E. Near—"He said I was too good looking to work and he threw me into a mortar bed."

C. Near—"And how do you feel about that?"

E. Near—"Well, I was very much mortified."

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TWO BITS

"You seem pretty proud since you gave twenty-five cents to the Red Cross fund."

"I should say I do. Talk about doing your bit, I did my two bits."

SHE DIDN'T WANT MUCH

Lorene J. (at Sherman, Clay's)—I want "Just a Little Love, Just a Little Kiss."

Silently, one by one,
In the record book of the teachers
Blossomed the little zeros'
The forget-me-not of the teachers.

REALLY

Miss Gray—"On which side of the mountain do the trees grow?"

"On the outside."

Miss Wirt—"How dare you swear before me?"

Edison—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

ORIGINAL

Andrew—"Who was the best actor in the Bible?"

Douglas—"Give up."

Andrew—"Samson, because he brot the house down."

Douglas—"Well, how about Moses, wasn't he the leading man?"

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WHO'S TO BLAME?

The College President—

"Such rawness in a student is a shame,
But lack of preparedness is to blame."

The Hi-School Principal—

"Good heavens! Such crudity! The boy's a fool!
The fault, of course, lies with the grammar school."

The Grammar School Principal—

"Would that from such a dunce I might be spared,
They send them up to me so unprepared."

The Primary Teacher—

"Poor kindergarten blockhead! And they call
That preparation! Worse than none at all!"

The Kindergarten Teacher—

"Never such lack of training did I see!
What sort of person can the mother be?"

The Mother—

"You stupid child! But you're not to blame,
The father's family are all same."

THE LITTLE JOKE BOX

The little josh box is covered with dust,
And empty and lone it stands;
And the big iron padlock is red with rust
As it shakes in the editor's hands.
Time was when the little joke box held the news,
And the jokes were passing fair;
But that was the time when the lyric muse

Inspired who put them there.
And it wonders, awaiting the long terms, three,
Of joshes and stories bare,
Why they left it so forlorn and blue
In the dust and the hallway therē.

THEIR CLAIMS FOR DESTRUCTION

Will Carithers: His socks.
Walter Dayhuff: His curiosity.
Dwight Gibson: His military training.
Harold McAlpine: His membership to the senior class.
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Don Kidd: His flunks.
Bill Wright: His Ford.
Edith Price: Her ability on the keys.
Miss Wirt: Her ideas on preparedness.
Perry Bonar: His stand-in with Bess Godman.

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Second "Salesman—What for?"

First Salesman—"She was caught for stealing a hand
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Second Salesman—"That is what comes from having
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AWAKE

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty—
I awoke and found that life was duty.

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TAKEN AT HIS WORD

Monty—"Now, young man, go to your class, but I advise you to keep away from bad company."

"Thank you, sir, you wont see me here again."

Miss McKay—"Rosalind, what have you in your mouth?"

Rosie—"Gum, want some?"

PRODIGY

Miss Hobb—"Can anyone give me a good definition for oblong?"

Laura—"An oblong is a skinny square."

HE WORKED IT OUT

Bobbie—"What are descendants, father?"

Father—"The people who come after you."

Father (later)—"Who is that young man in the hall?"

Bobbie—"That's one of sister's descendents come to take her for a drive."

RIGID

Doctor—"Why didn't you put on the porous plaster I sent you?"

Andrew L.—"Doctor, I am a member of the Hod Carrier's Union, and it is against the rules for me to do any plastering except in the regular working hours."—Ex.

SUCH A WASTE

Miss Fisher—"Give me a definition for extravagance."

Julliard—"Extravagance is wearing a clean shirt when you have a visitor."

HEARD IN ENGLISH

Miss O'Meara—"And after his wife's death what terrible misfortune happened to Milton?"

Verne Smith—"Why, he got married again."

My geometry, 'tis of thee

Thou book of misery,

Of thee I sing;

I hate thy curves and angles

Thy squares and all nut angles

Thy pentagons and rectangles,

Thy chalk and string.

A. WONDER

"Irene," her father called from the head of the stairs.

"Yes, father."

"Did I hear a smack down there just now?"

"If you did you are a wonder. I have been listening for one all evening, but without results."

HEAVY ON THE HOOF

"Of course, Perry, I am fond of you. Why, haven't I just danced six times with you?"

"I don't see any proof in that, Bess, dear."

"You would if you only realized how you danced."

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